

THE  
SPANISH  
ROGUE.

As it was ACTED  
BY HIS  
Majesties Servants.

---

*Written by* THO: DUFFETT.

---

Hor. Serm.

---

*O bone! ne te  
Frustrere: Infanis & tu, Stultique prope omnes.*

---

L O N D O N,

Printed for William Cademan at the Pope's Head in the  
Lower Walk in the New Exchange in the Strand.

M.DC.LXXIV.

THE

SPANISH

ROGUE.

As it was ACTED

BY HIS

Majesties Servants.

Written by THO: DUFFETT.

Hon. Secm.

Printed: In the Office of the Stationer, at the Sign of the Crown, in the Strand.

L O N D O N

Printed for William Cadogan at the Sign of the Crown, in the Strand.

MDCCLXIV



TO  
**MADAM**

E L L E N G U Y N.

*Madam,*



It is not, because you were pleas'd to be very kind to this Play, when it was act-  
ed; for I know not whether you ever  
honour'd it with your Presence: Nor  
is it to return you a troublesome acknowledg-  
ment for Favours; for I am sure you do not know me:  
Nor the hope of obliging you to my future ad-  
vantage; for the utmost return I expect is your  
pardon: None of these has made me guilty of  
this presumption. But since a Play in print,  
without an Epistle Dedicatory, is now like a Mo-  
dish Gallant without a Mistress, or a Papist with-  
a out

## *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

out a tutelar Saint, I resolv'd to obey Custom in making a Dedication, and my own free inclination in the choice of your Excellent Self, at whose Feet I humbly lay this; wherein, though my rash Boldness may be censur'd, I'm sure my Prudence will be applauded: For if this Censorious Age will submit to the most perfect Beauty, or the greatest Goodness in the World, under your Protection it will be safe.-----Nature almost overcome by Art, has in your Self rally'd all her scatter'd Forces, and on your charming Brow, sits smiling at the slavish toyls which yours and her envious Foes endure; striving in vain with the fading weak supplies of Art, to rival your Beauties; which are ever the same, and alwayes incomparable. Notwithstanding this great Truth is celebrated by All that know you; You still are Mistress of so much obliging Affability, so free from sullen Pride, and affected Stateliness, the usual Attendants of extraordinary Felicity; not contented to be safe in the barren praise of doing no ill, but so readily and so frequently doing good, as if it were not your Nature, but your Business; that, next to your Beauty, these Virtues are the greatest

*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

est Miracle of the Age. If I am the first that has taken the boldness to tell you this, in Print, 'tis because *I* am more ambitious than all others, to be known by the Title of,

*Madam,*

*Your Admirer,*

*and humblest Servant,*

T. D.

---

The Health of the Nation  
of Miracles of the Age. All the nations  
taken the soldiers to help you this in this  
because I am more than a soldier, to be  
known by the Title of

Madam,

Your Admirer,

and humblest Servant,

T. D.

Do  
Do  
Do  
La  
Mi  
San  
  
Al  
Ro  
Ter  
Leo

# PROLOGUE

## *The Persons Names.*

Don Fenise	Mr. Harris.
Don Alonzo	Mr. Lyddal.
Don Manuel	Mr. Watfon.
Laraſco	Mr. Powell.
Mingo	Mr. Caſh.
Sanchez	Mr. Griffin.
Alcinda	Mrs. Boutell.
R oſella	Mrs. Uphill.
Tereſa	Mrs. Corye.
Leonella	Mrs. Kneppe.

Neighbours, &c.



# PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mrs. BOUTELL.

O UR poor forsaken Stage does now appear,  
Like some cast Mistress that has once been fair:

In ev'ry part a sad decay we find,  
Yet fondly look, that you should still be kind;  
At least we hope, what our Defects deny,  
Your eager want will at this time supply:  
For, as fierce Captain that from Camp returns,  
Flies at each Vizard-mask he sees, — and burns:  
So, in this Dearth of Wit, methinks to Night  
You should not stand to mind if all be right.  
None sure will rail at faults we Women make,  
When the kind failing's onely for your sake.

And, tell me Gallants! which would you like best?  
The tedious Fool that staves 'till she is dress'd,  
Or the kind Girl, who when the hour is come,  
Slips on the Morning Gown, and steals from home?  
After the good old English way we treat,  
Though it be plain, we give you wholesom Meat.  
Our Friends of th' other House, do often take ye  
With such Ragousts as nasty French Cooks make ye.  
With garnish'd Dishes they delight your Eyes,  
And give you nought but Vermine in disguise.

'Tis not a Ladies Paint, can gain her Hearts,  
Nor silly Lords fine Cloaths, can mend his Parts:  
Loaded with Liv'ries, the Gilt Coach may royl,  
And yet the Spark within may be a Fool.  
To your own Cost, most of you Gallants know,  
That is not alwayes best that makes a Show.  
Were the Truth known, here's many a Spark I fear,  
That has been lewdly Chous'd in fine Semar.

Thus Fools are caught, but the old crafty Sinner,  
Takes the sound Wench; though in Straw-Hat and Pinner.

TH

# THE Spanish Rogue.

## ACT I. Scene 1.

*Enter Don Fenise and Larasco in Fenise's House.*

*Fen.* **D**Espairing Merchants, when their Fleets appear,  
After the dangers of a stormy year,  
Have swelling hopes like mine; yet doubt their Fate,  
'Till in their greedy arms they hug their freight.

Affist me Fortune! fix thy rouling wheel

Some few short minutes, and for ever reel.

Not yet! — how dull and lazily it creeps?

[*Looks on his*

O Expectation! how each moment sleeps!

*Watch.*

*Lar.* Sleep on, old time! for thou hast need of Rest,

Who art for ev'ry Lovers service prest.

Had my grave Courage been as rash as his,

We both had slep'd eternally ere this.

These Lovers, whom the Devil cannot frigh',

When near enjoyment fires their appetite;

Design'd to meet like Cats, i'th dead of night:

But I told him, whom nothing else cou'd stay,

'Twas her command he should not stir till day.

This time much better fits my peaceful mind,

Though Love wo'nt, let them see, must I be blind?

She has, poor thing! expected him all night,

And, though he's freed from's peevish Mistress by't,

I know he'll Rant; but my resolve is set —

These valiant Friends did never fail me yet.

[*His Feet.*

*Exit Larasco*

B

*Fen. Ev'n*

(2)

*Fen.* Ev'n in consent, she's cruel too, the night  
Much better wou'd disguise a Lovers flight.  
None but her self can such delays repair;  
Impatience is as restless as despair. —

*Exeunt Fenise and Larasco.*

Scene 2.

*Enter Alcinda and Leonella in Don Manuel's Hall.*

*Alc.* Is this a Lovers haste? Did he nor say,  
Each minute in my absence seem'd a day?  
False man! unworthy of my meanest thought!  
To slight a Love he has so dearly bought —  
My flame increases by his cold delay;  
Revenge shall lead me off, though love wou'd stay. *Exit Alcinda.*

*Leon.* The language of those begging eyes I know,  
Implores a reason that she may not go:  
I'll rather make her hate him if I can,  
For she's too good for such a faithless man. —

[*Going out, she sees Fenise and Larasco coming,  
and returns with a dark Lantern.*]

*Enter Fenise and Larasco.*

*Fen.* The King of Planets from his dazzling Crown,  
With more than common Red gilds ore the Town:  
Blushing to see Loves secrets trust the Light.

*Leon.* Stand! Who goes there? what sturdy mortal Wight,  
When dismal shades the sleeping World orespread,  
And yawning Graves let out their wandering dead,  
Disturbs the silent night? and rashly pryes  
Into pale *Hecates* drowfie sacrifice!  
Speak daring Mortal! say, what makes thee creep  
Through unknown paths, when time itself's asleep?  
Declare thy dire intent —

*Fen.* Let's make all sure,  
And play these Frolicks when we are secure.

*Leon.* This

*Leon.* This voyce I know ; deceive me not pale Moon !  
 'Tis he ! — hey ho ! what made you come so soon ?  
 This Love's a restless Bedfellow ; take heed,  
 Tread soft and sure ; this shews you love indeed,  
 T' adventure out this dreadful stormy Night,  
 You might have taken cold, or met a Spright —

*Lar.* A Spright ! where ! where !

Ah good Sir ! dear Sir ! stay no longer here —

*Fen.* Pry' thee release my patience, I'll approve  
 This sport another time — But where's my Love ?

*Leon.* Where is your Love indeed ? to make her wait,  
 Were it not lost, you had not come so late.  
 Go boast your Treachery, and then declare  
 How long you woo'd, how oft you perjur'd are ;  
 When you consult your Conquest, sum your Cost  
 Of precious time, and Oaths ; See who has lost.  
 She will your scorn with interest return,  
 And, for your falseness, Heav'n will make you mourn.

*Fen.* Thy Looks are well, but in thy Words I find  
 The certain signs of a distemper'd mind ;  
 Is it to me you speak ? and can you prove  
 My wandering Faith, or my decaying Love ?  
 Disperse these wonders which your words create ;  
 It was my Penance to attend so late ;  
 And if I suffer, for your own designe,  
 Your loud Complaints more justly will be mine.

*Leon.* Ah Sir ! Excuses which so weak appear,  
 Betray too little Love, or too much Fear :  
 Do jealous Lovers, which abhor the light,  
 Call *Phæbus* to attest their secret flight ?  
 She summon'd you ere Night wax'd grey, as soon  
 As the *Antipodes* enjoy'd their Noon.

*Fen.* Thou heartless Fool ! what mischief hast thou done,  
 Instructing me to wait the rising Sun ;  
 Kneel to good Fortune, for thy Life's the stake ;  
 Raise not my Ruine on this Rogues mistake,  
 I'll lead her hence, or perish at her feet.

*Leon.* Sooner the Eve and Infant day may meet ;



This injury reviv'd her dying scorn,  
And stay'd me here to hasten your return.

Ill Tydings flie, too soon you'll hear the rest —

*Fen.* The rest! Can my Misfortune be increas'd?

I know too little, since there's more behind.

*Leon.* If she can hate you, to your self be kind.

*Fen.* Villain be gone! thy swiftest fears out-flie —

*Leon.* Your Sword would bluth to wear so base a Die.

*Fen.* In such extremes of Fate, I want a guide:

None can securely stem wild passions Tyde.

Proceed! — hold! — ( curs'd fortune ) dispatch the rest —

*Leon.* You're banish'd from her presence, and her brest.

*Fen.* His baseness is too weak a guard — He dyes!

For such a Saint too poor a Sacrifice.

*Fenise draws, and Larasco runs in crying.*

*Lar.* Dear! Dear! merciful! pardon my mistake,  
For Heavens, Oh Sir! for fair *Alcinda's* sake — [ *Within.*

Murther! Murther! I'm dead! I'm dead! *Exit Larasco.*

*Fen.* Nothing to stop his Throat? no hearty Curse?

*Leon.* O for an *Irish* Wolf to make him hoarse.

Thieves! Thieves! Thieves! Rogues! Villains! Dogs! Thieves!  
[ *Manuel within.*

*Leon.* The Blood-hounds up, no cunning can relieve.

*Fen.* Curse on his yelping Jaws! what shall we do?

*Leon.* Here, here! quickly Sir, step in here —

*Exeunt Mingo and Leonella.*

*Enter Don Manuel in a ridiculous Morning dress.*

*Man.* Thieves! Thieves! Wife! Daughter! Maid! no body hear?  
All the dores open, undone! rob'd! undone!

All the World asleep? am I heard by none?

Murther! murther! I'm dead, down right stone dead.

Ha! 'tis so, 'tis so, my wild girls are fled.

Pray Heav'n it be no worse, I'll raise the Town.

[ *Exit Manuel locking the dore after him.*

*Enter*



*Enter Don Fenise and Leonella.*

*Leon.* Consult her safety, though you slight your own ;  
Her Honour suffers in your longer stay,  
No dull consideration ; but away —  
Still more unhappy ! he has lock'd the dore.

*Exit Leonella.*

*Fen.* Never to see, nor think of me no more !  
Why can she not my Love transform to hate ?  
And rule my Passion, as she rules my Fate ?  
Why did those mighty Powers we adore,  
Give Beauty so much strength, and give no more ?  
Have I for this, outwatch'd a Tyrants Spie ?  
A Hermits Zeal, or Statesmans Jealousie ?  
When Mad-men sleep, and madder Chymists rest,  
Loves greater madness still annoyes my Brest.  
Repent ! too cruel Fair thy Vow repent !  
Let the Offender bear the punishment —

Unkind *Alcinda* ! Must we ever part ?  
Can She so easily command her heart ?  
To my insulting Fate too much I bow :  
If I must never more, I'll see her now —  
I dare not go ; Dull *Fenise* ! canst thou bear  
These injuries from Love, and blame his fear ?  
He's innocent, or thou must guilty prove ;  
As he to fear submits, thou yeild'st to Love.

*Enter Leonella pulling Larasco in.*

*Leon.* Among the Women you can domineer —

*Lar.* Kill me Sir ! Kill me ! rid me of my fear.

*Fen.* This Fellow may his frighten'd sense regain,  
The Object once remov'd, removes his pain ;  
Love, like an angry Ghost, allows no rest,  
But still torments the guilty Lovers Brest.  
Yet I'll shak't off ! \* Ha ! 'tis she ! treacherous sense !  
A Thousand Devils cannot force me hence.

[ \* *Alcinda at a Window.*  
Urge

Urge it no more, but to her lead the way.

*Leon.* Her strict Commands I dare not disobey.

*Fen.* The saddest prospect of my Fate I see,  
She being lost, much worse it cannot be.

Thou shalt relent ——— here's gold —

*Leon.* Who can resist the charms your tongue affords?  
This is a language sweeter far than words.

*Lar.* O Wondrous Virtue of imperious gold!  
For thee is Honour bought, and Heaven sold.

Yet, had I all ere fruitful *Pern* bred,

I'd give it freely to be safe in Bed.

What new design? something she talks of me,  
I fear some plot upon my Chastity.

*Fen.* Sirrah! Observe her Orders —

*Lar.* More Catterwouling yet! Hell stop her breath!

*Fen.* Another Murmur shall foretel thy death.

*Lar.* I wish'd a task, whose danger might declare  
What I dare do, my Folly to repair.

*Leon.* Watch, and inform us when he comes, See right,  
Let not your shadow put you in a fright.

*Lar.* I'll fight the proudest he that wears a head.

*Leon.* What dar'est thou stake against my Maidenhead?  
I do not take thy rusty Sword away.

Thou a Fighter!

*Lar.* *Donna!* your beauty may,  
That man is mad that will with Women fight,  
Your loss by day you can revenge at night.

*Fen.* Dispatch his charge, my dearest blood I'd pay  
To buy each minute which you throw away.

Villain! be watchful —

[*Exeunt Fenise and Leonella.*]

*Lar.* Sir! I will — not stay —  
If all my art and strength can get away.

This Lock is vengeance strong, No passage here:

No Window big enough for creeping Fear?

Ne'r talk on't! I can't endure to be kill'd,

He cares not so his wild desire's fulfill'd.

I'll try the Garden wall — is this door fast?

Then life adieu! the fatal Die is cast.

A King-

A Kingdom to secure my life! — he's there!  
 Oh my dear pretty heart! thy end draws near.  
 O Death what shall I do? where shall I hide?  
 No cunning place to tye my self aside!  
 A little stay — my knife! yet do not come: —  
 Pox on't! now I have left my knife at home:  
 Else I could cut my throat. Poor carcase! how  
 Must thou be Slic'd and Carbonado'd now?  
 I might have stop'd the Lock too, fool that I was!  
 Oh my belly! good Lock don't let him pass!  
 Dear Lock stand too't! sweet Lock don't let 'em come!  
 'Wounds! how I shall be Slash'd? there's forty o'm —

[ A Noise  
within.

*Enter Don Manuel and Neighbours ridiculously arm'd;  
 They see Larasco, and run off again.*

So, so, now they consult about my End —

*Enter again Don Manuel and Neighbours.*

*Man.* You that such daring courage did pretend,  
 What made you run? I'll bravely go before,  
 Come Neighbours! enter all, and shut the dore.  
 What all gone agen? my case is hard,  
 I dare not see, my house without a guard.  
 Ha! one of the Villains! or but a shape  
 Set up to fright me, while the Rogues escape;  
 It does not move, nor breath, it must be so —  
 Were it a Man, thus wou'd I forward go —

[ Larasco stands up  
like a Statue.

*Lar.* Now must I go to Pot! — how my bones ake! — [ *Aside.*

*Man.* And Slash him thus, — ha! did not something shake?  
 What shall a Scarecrow make me thus afraid?  
 Yet, by this light! 'tis very neatly made;  
 Substance! true mortal substance too! — I'll swear,  
 Not one convenient member wanting here.  
 This shape may any maid alive deceive —

*Lar.* I am a very Image I believe,  
 But I have heard that Images can't feel.

[ *Aside.*

*Man.* I fear no flesh alive, by this bright steel!

O for

O for a *Cæsar* now, or for that brave  
Undaunted Soul that did the world enslave;  
Like Tennis-balls I'd whirl them about,  
And thus make way to let their Courage out

[ *He strikes Larasco.*

*Lar.* Oh! Curse on your valour! —

[ *Aside.*

*Man.* I'll try to place

His head upright, and paint some red in's face.  
The nose too should be mended, and the eyes —

*Lar.* How to escape this dog I can't devise —

Now he has turn'd his back, I'll cut his throat —

[ *Larasco draws, Manuel sees him, and runs off;  
then Larasco falls growling on the ground.*

*Man.* Murther! murther! murther!

*Lar.* Oh dismal note!

*Enter Leonella hastily.*

*Leon.* What noise was that? what's the disturbance here?

*Lar.* Mercy! good Sir, Mercy! Oh do but hear,  
I'll confess all — Noble *Don Manuel*!  
Your curst Wench, by some infernal Spell  
Entic'd *Don Fenise* hither, and has sold  
The fair *Alcinda* to him for his gold.  
He's now within persuading her away;  
I am a servant, Sir, — forc'd to obey —  
Dear Sir be merciful!

*Leon.* Rise, and be free —

*Lar.* Ha! is it you? confound such Sorcerie!  
The Hall's enchanted, or this cou'd not be.

*Enter Fenise and Alcinda.*

*Fen.* Since that blest hour I gave my heart to you,  
My busie thoughts no other object knew.  
My Eyes ne'r stray'd to any other face,  
My heart ne'r fram'd a wish beyond this place.  
I plead no merit, Madam! for I know  
My Service weak, and my desert too low.

*Alcin.* *Fenise!*



*Alcin.* *Fenise!* Upbraid me not with your desert,  
 I know 'tis great, and well deserves my heart;  
 Were you unworthy, my obliging Vow  
 Has made me yours, nor will I break it now.  
 Yet Gratitude (for Love ne'r reach'd my Brest,  
 Nor yet had power to disturb my rest)  
 Makes me your Pris'ner now; and let's me see,  
 You prize your fading pleasures more than me.  
 Your satisfaction you resolve to buy,  
 Though at the price of my dear liberty.

*Fen.* By what you want, judge not the love I have,  
 You cannot be a Pris'ner to your Slave.  
 If Love cannot incite you to depart,  
 Trust gratitude awhile to guide your heart.

*Alc.* Give Reason yours, and an Example shew,  
 Or ask no more what you refuse to do.  
 You cannot cease to Love; I can't begin;  
 You cannot break the Snare, nor I get in;  
 Yet, to content your self, you'll punish me —  
 Alas! this is not Love, but Cruelty.

*Fen.* How strangely Madam! at the self-same time,  
 You do excuse, and charge me with a Crime.  
 If Love can't be compell'd, as 'tis most true,  
*Fenise* adores, but Fortune injures you.

*Alc.* Justly your Passion may suspected grow,  
 Since you demand those proofs you dare not show.  
 You gain my Faith by leaving me behind,  
 Lessen your Love, and practise to be kind.

*Leon.* Tempt not your Destiny, but let's be gone,  
 Her wandering Fancy must return anon:  
 Madam! if you will go, let's haste away,  
 To flee those Dangers which attend your stay.

*Alc.* Thou know'st my heart, let *Fenise* be our Guide —

*Leon.* Spread all your Sails, you have the Wind and Tide.

*Alc.* What Noise is that?

[ A Noise at the door.

*Leon.* This comes of your delay —

O Heav'ns! *Don Manuel* has stop'd your way.

C

*Alc.* What



*Alc.* What will *Don Fenise* do ? persuade him in.

*Lar.* Now does my storm of misery begin.

*Alc.* Hasten to the Garden, there's a private dore.

Ah *Fenise* ! now we part to meet no more.

*Lar.* Sweet Master ! Dear Master !

*Alc.* Once more farewell ! [ *Exeunt Alcinda and Leonella.*

*Lar.* Pray ! pray for us ! — Now Toll the Passing-bell —

Oh that I had but dy'd, Ten years before

My Mothers onely hopeful Son was bore :

I had been car'd for, I had happy been,

This Catterwouling I had never seen.

Will you be murther'd in your Muse ? Dye here !

*Fen.* It must be so, this shews my Love so clear,  
She can no more deny me —

*Lar.* What, more heroick Tricks ? — Oh how I shake !  
Is this a time for Love, when Life's at stake ?

Now will he dye to shew this Cat his heart —

*Fen.* She knows I may compel her to depart ;  
And now, just at this time, to let her stay —

*Enter Don Manuel and his Friends.*

*Man.* Here be the Rogues, Now Neighbours kill and slay —

*Lar.* How fierce and big the Suck-bloods look ? I'll spread  
My Carcass on the ground, and say I'm dead. [ *Larasco lies down.*

*Fen.* Her Vows I'll give her back, and when she's free,  
Justice will bind her to love none but me.

Since all my Vows so unsuccessful prove,

That even yet you seem to doubt my Love :

I hope this single Act will make it plain,

Here *Fenise* gives you back your self again —

*Man.* How's this ? *Don Fenise* ! sure it cannot be —

*Fen.* Ha ! where is *Alcinda* ? what's this I see ?

*Larasco* murther'd by these Cowards Swords !

This Tempest must not be allay'd with words.

Have at your hearts ; lie there ; are you so quick ?

[ *One falls as kill'd ; Manuel and the rest flee, Fenise pursues them.*

*Lar.* Oh my poor heart ! I'm very stomach sick.

Are

Are they all gone? this was a brave Design;  
 Cowardly Rogues! to strike a Man behind —  
 If I had not been dead, I'd fain have seen,  
 Who durst affront one of my haughty meen.  
 Sure he has wounded me, but I'm alive yet,  
 And pretty sound; but most confounded wet.  
 I'll take advice to know where 'tis I bleed;  
 Ha are you there? here's one lies dead indeed.  
 Quite mortal dead: Well Fellow! go thy way,  
 I'd Rifle thee, but that I dare not stay —  
 Had'st thou been wise, but all have not the gift,

[ *Exit Larasco.*

'Tis pity he shou'd live, that has no shift.

*Neighbour.* Yes Coxcomb! I can shift as well as you —  
 I think I am the sweeter of the two.  
 Send me well home, I'll ne'r come here agin,  
 I think him wisest that preserves his Skin.

[ *Exit.*

### Scene 3.

*Enter Mingo alone.*

*Mingo.* Where am I now!  
 But 'tis no wonder if I've lost my way,  
 My Master bad me near the Temple stay;  
 A place I seldom seek; The *Donna's* Road  
 To choose new Servants, and the newest Mode.  
 Where earthly Saints are pray'd to, those above  
 Sometimes are call'd on, in Intrigues of Love.  
 Where pious *Dons* with zealous Wives conspire,  
 To raise the fortunes of their Husbands higher.  
 I th' Temple I was Christen'd, but my fear  
 Tells me! 'twill fall if I agen come there —  
 Hold, my Master! — *Enter Alonzo.*

*Alon.* What didst thou find the place?

*Min.* Yes Sir, and saw your Friend, but thus it was;  
 After my hasty steps had found the dore,  
 All that I met, Nights silent liv'ry wore.

A Servant led me, where I saw Despair,  
Just like *Don Fenise*, sitting in a Chair.  
Not that *Don Fenise*, who did use to be  
The life of Mirth, and all good Company.  
Not he, whose Soul was free as boundless Air,  
Whose very name could chase away Despair.

*Alon.* Rack me not with these delays!

*Min.* Sir I saw,

A form would make a frozen *Tartar* thaw,  
And melt his rocky Heart th'rough weeping Eyes:  
His heavy Head upon his Shoulder lies,  
His crossed Arms supported by his Brest,  
He had no motion, yet he had no rest.  
His busie Eyes fix'd to the earth — in brief,  
He was the lively shape of killing grief.  
At last as if the Dream had had an end,  
He cry'd, *Alonzo*! Where's my dearest Friend?  
Then did I your approach and message tell,  
That did his eager grief a while repel,  
But Sorrow soon did repossess his Face;  
As Currents' stop'd, more swiftly end their Race.

*Alon.* It is not sure within the pow'r of Fate,  
To cause those Wonders which thou dost relate.  
His heart ne'r entertain'd the — boldest fear,  
And how could base Despair find entrance there.  
What ever cause such strange effects create,  
I will avert, or help to bear his Fate.  
True Friendship, like rich Diamonds, we mark,  
Whose rays are most resplendant in the dark.

*Mingo*! make haste, and sum up thy account,  
Thy merits may to higher Service mount;  
Yet I have always us'd thee well —

*Min.* Most true —

*Alon.* And have I not been oft abus'd by you?  
Your wild Debaucheries, in ev'ry place,  
Made me a mark of Scorn, and rude Disgrace.  
I need not number up your Faults again,  
Yet I resolv'd to bring thee back to Spain:

Here

Here I dismiss you Sir ; but ere you goe,  
I'll pay thee less, and more than I do owe.

[ *Kicks him, and gives  
him Money.*

*Min.* Ah Sir ! I am a Rogue, but pray forgive —

*Alon.* Forget your saucy Tricks, and Civil live,  
Perhaps you may be mine, if you amend —

*Exit Alonzo.*

*Min.* This Gold is dear — Well ! go thy wayes old Friend !

Revenge sink deep, torment my injur'd — brest,  
'Till on his Ruine I have built my rest.

How, turn honest ! turn Beggar, give me Gold :

I'll think on Honesty when I grow old.

For feeble helpless Age it may be good,

'Tis but a dull disease in youthful blood.

Among the modish *French* 'tis plain disgrace,

Some of our *Signiors* too come on apace ;

When they take up, the Tradesman must not wait,

But hears the News, and has the courteous Hat,

Talks handsom Sense, is heard like a Divine ;

Pray Mistre ! stay and take a Glasse of Wine —

But when he Dunns, and Cringes like a Slave,

Dam'ee ! what would this paltry Fellow have ?

Now I'm for any thing, all wayes I'll tread,

To find the path that does to Mischief lead.

Kick'd ! and turn'd off ! I am a Rogue I know,

But to my Master I was never so.

Cashier'd ! and quite thrown by ! well *Don* take heed,

Ere all be done, thy heart or mine shall bleed.

[ *Exit.*

## ACT II. Scene 1.

*Enter Don Manuel and Teresa in the street.*

*Man.* A Meer mischievous Plot, without all doubt ;

**A** Would any come to force a Woman out ?

He could not do it but by her consent,

No ! no ! I'll ne'r believe her innocent.

*Ter.* Are you sure 'twas *Don Fenise* ? Think agen —

*Man.* Poh ! think ; I know him from a Thousand men.

*Ter.* You



*Ter.* You may mistake.

*Man.* Mistake! — pray is it day if the Sun shine?  
That Question's less impertinent than thine.

*Enter Mingo.*

*Mingo.* I've rack'd my Brains, and yet no way can find  
To act a close Revenge, Mischief be kind!  
And help me at a pinch —  
Oh this dull Head, this barren Scull of mine!  
Will nothing come? no Project? no Design?  
Ha! what are these? —

[ *Aside.*

*Man.* Yes you are; foolish and impertinent —

*Ter.* Ingrateful Rascal! I was not impertinent,  
When I help'd thee to my Masters wealth,  
And to two pretty little Girls, without one stroke of thy  
Own labour; Heaven knows, and I have found  
To my sorrow, it will be long enough before thou  
Wilt see one little, little Child, of thy own getting.

*Man.* No, nor thou wert not impertinent, when thou  
Didst most inhumanely murder honest *Sanchez*.

*Ter.* Out thou Villain! was it not for thy sake?  
Thy hands too were as deep in as mine,  
Heaven knows I meant no harm,  
Ingrateful! dost upbraid me with my good will?  
I'll be reveng'd though I dye for't —  
Thy Cheats are Villanies I will confess,  
Thy punishment, will make my pain seem less.

*Man.* Poh! you take Jestings so unkindly — You know  
Honey that I love you, And if my life onely  
Were to be lost, it should go rather than I  
Would see thee troubl'd thus: But —  
It grieves my heart to think of losing thee.

*Ter.* Ay, ay, these are your old wheedling Tricks. —

*Man.* One can't praise you for your Contrivance,  
Or your Courage, but y'are so angry —  
Pry'thee my Dearest! forgive me — I love  
The very ground you tread on, And had rather see

Thee



Thee than my own heart-blood — Come you shall be kind

*Ter.* My poor dear Rogue! I will forgive thee!  
I will be kind, don't trouble thy self. [ *She weeps, and kisses him.*

What shall we do about *Don Fenise* Dear!

*Man.* That business must not be disputed here;  
Let's hasten home, least some observing Eye  
Should ruine us, Nay pry' thee no Reply —  
I'll serve thee Honey with my dearest blood.

*Ter.* My dear, dear *Don*! I'll dye to do thee good.

[ *Exit Teresa.*

*Man.* I mean no less; in ev'ry foolish strife,  
She threatens me to take away my life;  
When she's dispatch'd aside, I shall be free  
And then, my coy *Alcinda*! I'm for thee —  
With more than common madness — he's posselt,  
That layes up secrets in a female Brest.

[ *Exit Manuel.*

*Mingo.* Thanks! *Satan* thanks! —  
These bloody Murthers, Cheats, and Villanies,  
And something more that undiscover'd lies,  
Are Riddles very dark, and intricate;  
Teach me the rest, and I'll adore thee Fate!  
What I've already heard, commands a share  
For secrecie, as great as their parts are:  
But I am injur'd, since he's wicked grown,  
For I resolv'd to be a Rogue alone.  
Some way their business shall my own advance,  
I'll follow them, and leave the rest to chance.  
At least their Crimes will teach me to invent,  
A Rogue in mischief is in's Element.

[ *Exit Mingo.*

## Scene 2.

*Don Manuel's House.*

*Enter Rosella, Alcinda, and Leonella.*

*Alc.* What Visage wears my Fate? what have they done?  
The noise was very loud, Is *Fenise* gone?

Safely

Safely got off or no? Why don't you speak?  
Should he be kill'd, my fullen heart would break.

*Leon.* He's safely gone, but all I fear is known —

*Alc.* Sure I heard their Swords; had he no wounds?

*Leon.* None —

*Alc.* Henceforth we never meet.

*Rosel.* Did acts of Love,  
I'th' Sphere of Justice as of Power move,  
A sharp repentance wou'd succeed your Fact;  
And you would suffer what you late did Act.  
Some worthless object, on your self would throw  
That cruel scorn, you did to *Fenise* show.

*Alc.* Justice is blind, and grown so modish too,  
Like other Females, bribes must make her do:  
Sword, Self-interest and Passion swayes,  
But Love and beauty ev'ry thing obeys.

*Rosel.* She runs the common fate of all our Sex,  
Whom natures too imperious Law, subjects  
To her great Master-peice, victorious man:  
And you *Alcinda*! know, your beauty can  
Command so large a pow'r ore any heart,  
As will oppose *Astræa's* weaker part.

*Alc.* Beauty, the Toy you talk of, I disown;  
To my dull sense it still had been unknown,  
If to your self I had a stranger been;  
Where all those charming Vanities are seen,  
Those rare *Chymera's*, flatt'ring Poets place  
In the description of a beautious face;  
Those that want faith, the fair *Rosella* view;  
All Lovers write is verif'y'd in you.

*Rosel.* Each wandring glance you make, a heart your prize,  
By the Magnetick Vertue of your Eyes;  
The am'rous Gallants here their service pay,  
You are their Saint, and at your feet they pray.

*Leon.* The longest day would seem a midnights dream,  
While they continue on this pleasing theam.  
Is not one Minute to *Don Fenise* due?

*Rosel.* Once more I must that hopeles suit renew.

*Alc.* Desist

*Alc.* Desist *Rosella*! from a Sute so vain —  
The Earth may move, before we meet again.

*Ros.* So brave a choice your Reason may approve:

*Alc.* Reason was ne'r the messenger of Love.

*Ros.* Think, think *Alcinda*! you may Love too late —

*Alc.* My humor's fix'd above the pow'r of Fate.

*Leon.* Madam!

My zeal to serve you, shews my troubl'd mind,

To see you flie the Blessings Heav'n design'd;

O! could you think the joyes, that do attend

A marry'd life, this humor soon would end.

Think what entrancing pleasure 'tis, to hold

Your Lover in your arms, and sweetly fold

With close embraces, and more lovely Twines,

Than clasping Ivy, or the winding Vines.

This idle peevish thing call'd Modesty,

Is Womans most invetrate Enemy:

Lay it aside, none but our selves are here,

Blushes are vain when none but Women hear.

Sleep with a Man! what joy the thought oft brings,

This is no World to refuse good things.

There needs no words, Your Eyes speak your intent,

A Womans silence shews her full consent.

*Alc.* Perpetual silence seize thee! I admire

What leprous *Demon* does thy Soul inspire.

*Ros.* Base! — I know not what to call her, sure

Nature wants Definitions so impure. [*Exeunt Alcinda and Rosella.*]

*Leon.* Truth seldom is accepted when 'tis plain;

But hang't! I'll soon retrieve their love again.

*Enter Don Manuel and Teresa, and Mingo after, observing them.*

*Ter.* If you consent, we yet may lose our Fears,

And with their Bodies, cloyster up our Cares,

Send them to th' Nunnery, and let's pretend

Zeal to Religion is our onely end.

Let them drop Beads —

*Man.* From thence what can arise?

*Ter.* In their Concealment all our safety lies.

D

*Man.* Can

*Man.* Can that contribute ought to hide our Crimes?

*Ter.* Yes, very much these Superstitious times;  
'Twill gain their highest praise, who can depaint  
Mischief so fair, it may deceive a Saint.

In this quick-sighted Age that we live in,  
Religion is the safest Veil for Sin.

While they do breathe an unconfined Air,  
Our Ruines imminent, Objects so fair  
Endure the search of many prying Eyes;  
You know what Dangers may from thence arise.

*Man.* I like thy counsel well — but —

*Ter.* But! — but what?

Vengeance pursues us, yet his blood seems hot  
And reeking for Revenge, methinks I hear  
The wind cry Murder in my guilty Ear —

*Man.* Dear Duck! enough, th'art wise; it shall be so —  
*Rosella* to the Nunnery shall go,  
That will secure us, though *Alcinda* stay,  
On her side there's no danger in delay.

*Ter.* Steal to your ruine; do! — let both be gone;  
Why should one go, or t'other stay alone?

*Man.* Nay no great matter, but 'tis chargeable;  
Truth is, I love *Alcinda* yet too well. *Aside.*

*Ter.* What should this mean? the charge will be but small —  
Better lose part, than give account for all.

*Man.* Let's in and think upon't —

*Exeunt Manuel and Teresa.*

*Leon.* What can this be?

Vengeance and Blood, this is too hard for me —  
Some monstrous mischief, though 'tis close as Night,  
Time will reveal it, That brings all to light.

*Exit Leonella.*

*Mingo,* Strange! above wonder strange! and falls so right  
As if the gods themselves lov'd deeds of Night.  
To bring me there, just at that minute too;  
I'll talk no more, but study what to do.  
In vain you strive to prop your falling State,  
Your Lives are mine, this Tongue commands your Fate.

Sure



Sure that was *Leonilla* stai'd behind —  
 My qnondam Mistress; I'll soon make her kind.  
 What fights are here ?

*Enter Alcinda and Leonella, Rosella following them.*

*Alc.* Receive no answer, nor no message hear.

*Ros.* Examine ore your heart, she shall not go:  
 You too much malice with your power show.

*Alc.* Are you unkind? then who can be believ'd?  
 I had commanded had my Father liv'd.

[ *Exit Alcinda weeping.*

*Ros.* Go, serve her will, 'tis strange, a gallant man  
 Should love so truly, and so long in vain;  
 Dearly I love him, yet I know not why,  
 I'm ne'r so happy as when he is nigh.  
 Yet, for a husband if I make my choice,  
 His Interest will never win my voice.  
 And yet I love him still — ha! to what end?  
 Were it not virtuous I should hate my friend;  
 Love is as yet a stranger in my breast.  
 I will not like a Tyrant treat a guest:  
 Yet, to secure my heart from a surprize,  
 I'll set a guard of Virtue in my Eyes,  
 And while my Love to Virtue does submit,  
 I will believe it fair, and welcome it.  
 And love him still —

*Enter Alcinda.*

*Alc.* Will you my Rival grow?

*Ros.* Ne'r did a Sister love a Brother so.

*Alc.* You shall not love him, nor shall he love you,  
 His Vows have made him mine, sure Vows are true.

*Ros.* You slight his Vows, his Courtship disapprove;  
 This Jealousie shews the excess of Love —  
 Because You hate him must I do so too?

[ *Aside.*

*Alc.* Fool not your self, I love him more than you :

You love! this News shall to your Father's ear —

*Ros.* Pray Heav'n your flame does not too late appear;  
On you *Alcinda*! he has fix'd his Love  
Too constantly to suffer a Remove.  
Disperse your jealous frowns, I have my end,  
When He your Husband is, and you my friend.  
May you enjoy him still, and happy be,  
Above the fears of Infelicity.

*Alc.* Take him you, if you please, for I know none  
So fond to dye for him —

*Exit Alcinda.*

*Ros.* So coyly gone?  
What sickly Fancies do this Maid possess?  
She seems to hate, yet loves to an excess.

Ah *Fenise*! from my heart I pity thee —

*[Exit Rosella.]*

*Mingo.* Both are exactly fair in ev'ry part;  
A virtuous flame seems to assault my heart,  
And prompts me to be good; bids me declare  
All I have heard; But they are both too fair —  
Ha! if things fall right, One may be my own;  
So Innocent! — I dare not stay alone —  
My better *Genius* tempts me to be just,  
'Twill gain their Favours, and oblige their Trust:  
Death! I am ruin'd by a longer stay —  
The Maid I'll follow now, she went this way.

*[Exit Mingo.]*

### Scene 3.

*Fenise's House.*

*Enter Don Fenise alone.*

*Fen.* When giddy Fortune ceases to be coy,  
The storms we past, increase our present joy.  
But when her various Front grows black again,  
That very joy adds to succeeding pain.  
This day I have convers'd with each extrem,  
Despair is fix'd, hope vanish'd like a dream.  
Ah *Alcinda*! why should I think on her,  
On that ungrateful, cruel murderer?

'Tis she.

That values not my constancy, nor Me ———  
 Disposes all my Vows ; yet could she prove  
 More cruel than her self, still I must love.

*Enter Larasco fearfully, and shuts the dore after him.*

*Fen.* What means this saucy haste ? what makes you run ?

*Lar.* O Sir ! Sir ! you are ruin'd ! lost ! undone !

Fly Sir ! fly, the, —O-O-Of-Off-Officer ———

*Fen.* What Officer ? pry'thee ask leave of fear  
 To tell the Cause ———

*Lar.* Oh Sir ! they are at the dore ———  
 That I had been but fairly kill'd before !  
 Now we shall be Hang'd ; both, both Hang'd, I know't,  
 Methinks I feel the Slip about my Throat ———  
 Good honest *Dun* ! don't strain the Rope so hard ———  
 O let a little time to pray be spar'd ! ———

*Fen.* Villain ! what ayles the fellow ? ———

*Lar.* Dear Christian friends !

If you'll avoid such base, such shameful ends,  
 Beware of Wenching, and Ill company ;  
 Wenching ! 'tis Wenching brings me here to dye.  
 Curse on such folly ——— pry'thee let me pray ;  
 One little minute ! ——— Oh ! he drives away ———

*Fen.* Nay if y'are going take my blessing too ———  
 This fear has made him mad ; what wouldst thou do  
 Speak ! where hast thou been ! ———

*Lar.* Mercy good my Lord !

I ne'r had Courage to behold a Sword.

*Fen.* Recall your sense, and tell me what you mean.

*Lar.* Ah Sir ! I ne'r shall have my Sense agen.  
 The dreadfull roaring Officers, without  
 Are sent to seize you, Look you all about.

*Fen.* To seize me ! for what ? ———

*Lar.* They'l tell you if you stay ———  
 Have you forgot the Man you kill'd to day ?

*Fen.* Is

*Fen.* Is the man dead? —

*Lar.* I ! I ! Sir! dead's a stone —

A happy, happy man, his Cares are done.

[*Exeunt Fenise and Larasco.*]

*Enter Alonzo.*

*Alon.* What am I like, the Servants fly me so?

I am resolu'd to find him e'r I go —

*Don Fenise ! Don Fenise !*

[*Exit Alonzo.*]

*Enter Fenise and Larasco.*

*Lar.* Hark how they Roar! —

Pray Sir be gone before they force the dore.

*Fen.* Rascal! go you, tell the Officious slaves,

Those that do enter here, do seek their graves.

I never fear'd thee death! thy fiercest brow

Could ne'r disturb me; but th'art lovely now.

With greedy armes, such as glad Bridegrooms wear,

When full enjoyments drown their wooing fear,

I'll meet my Destiny, and hug my fate:

[*Fenise.*

To end our Cares death alwayes comes too late.

*draws.*

Now will her scorn, now will my Love have end —

[*A noise within, Alonzo forces the dore,  
and enters with his sword drawn.*]

Here here's *Fenise*!

*Alon.* Is't thus you meet your Friend?

*Fen.* With my *Alonzo*, thus I will contend.

Fate I despise, and Love I will forget;

In spight of both I may be happy yet.

Welcome dear Friend! —

*Alon.* But can my *Fenise* be

Still constant to that friendship vow'd to me?

Has not some nobler Object stole that part,

*Alonzo* once possess'd in *Fenise* heart?

*Fen.* No more of this; *Alonzo* wrongs me much,

To think my Vows, or friendship can be such.

But



But I may justly think your kindness lost,  
That would not let me meet you on the Coast.

*Alon.* I suffer'd stricter penance than was due,  
For that which injur'd me much more than you.  
When tedious absence had endear'd your sight,  
And rais'd Impatience to the utmost height :  
Yet then, then did I for admittance wait;  
And now, you chide me 'cause I come so late.  
When spite of Locks and Doors I made my way,  
You interpos'd your Sword to make me stay.  
I thought it some Inchant'd House; for here  
One Servant flies, another hides him there :  
Scarce could I reach one with my doubting eyes,  
But like some false deluding shade he flies;  
At last I turn'd, and saw the armed Rout  
Begin to march —

*Lar.* 'Twas time to look about.

*Fen.* This way I made, how I got off you saw;  
Unveil these Mysteries, what made you draw ?

*Alon.* Come Sir ! I will inform you all within;  
Discourse so sad, will soon enough begin.  
Oh my *Alonzo* ! That my whole Estate  
Could call this Morning back ; but 'tis too late.

[ *Exeunt Fenise, Alonzo and Larasco.*

*Enter Mingo and Leonella in the Street.*

*Min.* My Dear ! this very Morning did my feet  
Salute this ground ; where all my wishes meet,  
Finding my lovely *Leonella* here :  
More beautiful than when I last did see her —

*Leon.* Your old dissembling Tricks —

*Min.* By th' light I see,  
My love is dead to all the World, but thee.  
Had spiteful Death extinguish'd thy dear light,  
I had pursu'd thee to eternal Night.

*Leon.* O fie on you men ! for you are all false —

*Min.* Look

*Min.* Look here, though men are false, Angels are true.

[ Gives her Money.

These, and some hundreds more are kept for you ;  
Pry thee be mollify'd, Love made me trace  
Ten thousand miles, to see thy pretty face.

*Leon.* Since here we parted not, this can't be true.

*Min.* That you liv'd, by meer instinct I knew ;  
Divided wormes their parts will reunite,  
Although the loving creatures have no sight.  
But Nature did in me much stronger prove,  
Assisted by my reason, and my Love.  
Within thy breast I left my better part,  
And now my body comes to find my heart.  
Speak my dear Oracle ! pronounce my Fate !

*Leon.* Well, I'll consider on't —

*Min.* Where shall I wait

To hear my Sentence ? I'll attend thee home —

*Leon.* O by no means ; You must not thither come :  
Our House to Men will no admittance give.

*Min.* See thee I must, or else I cannot live —

*Leon.* A Small disturbance we this morning made,  
Has made my Master jealous of his shade.  
Man, and Male-kind so mortally he hates,  
His Malice doth extend to Dogs and Cats :  
My Ladies Lapdog, and the Cat were found  
Contriving of a Rape, and both were drown'd.  
A Massacre's design'd against the Mice —

*Min.* No way to cheat this Tyrant ? — no device !

*Leon.* No ; — Yes there is, if you can counterfeit  
An Eunuch handsomely, 'twill do the feat.  
For some such property he'll entertain,  
To guard his dore ; lest men should come again —

*Min.* An Eunuch ! all your Sex will loath my sight,  
More than She-Papists do a Lenten night.  
And treat me, as the angry *Welchmen* prey  
On Puppets, that affront Saint *David's* day :  
Yet, I'll about it strait, that thou may'st see,  
I dare do any thing to purchase thee.

Lend

Lend me one kiss, nay fie! hold up thy head :  
I'll pay thee Interest when we meet a Bed.

[Exit Mingo.

Leon. Fie! fie! I hate you now — I must be coy,  
Though he's sharp set, too easie Love will cloy :  
Men are so Femaliz'd, so idle grown,  
They court the Coy, and slight what may be won.

[Exit Leonella.

*The End of the Second Act.*

### ACT III. Scene 1.

*Enter Larasco alone in Feniss House.*

Lar. **M** Alicious Rogues lie close, lurk any where ;  
Men may be kill'd, yet see no danger near.  
Would all like wiser Schoolmen fight with words,  
I could be Valiant ; but I hate these Swords —  
I can eat like a Lyon ; and for Drink,  
*Bacchus* himself should never make me shrink.  
These are rare parts, the Virtues in request,  
What pity 'tis I cannot reach the rest ?  
O had I but the heart, to thunder out  
A Roaring Oath, look big, and stare about :  
Gry Damm'ee! with a Grace ; then stamp, and frown,  
I were the most accomplish'd Blade in Town.  
(A silent Noise methinks invades my Ear)

*Enter Leonella.*

Old Tormenter! I'll be reveng'd on her —  
Dreadful *Toledo*! forth, thou trusty Blade,  
That o're the Head and Ears in blood canst wade.  
Come out! here's food to fill thy hungry Maw —  
I'll kill thee Villain! if thou wilt not draw.  
Draw thou Son of a Whore!

Leon. Good Signior hold!

Lar. Signior thy Sister, thou paltry sneaking Scold —

E

O I

O I could swinge you now, I tell you that —  
 What now you Sir? ha! what would you be at?  
 Coward! I could eat thee —

*Leon.* Brave Sir! you fight  
 Prodigiously, and kill as oft as smite.

*Lar.* Mortal! Thou say'st the Truth, come bus me now —

*Leon.* Stay Sir! You hold your Sword I know not how,  
 I could instruct you in a better way.

*Lar.* Do't; I command thee — [ *He gives her his Sword.*

*Leon.* Then I must obey —

Rascal! I'll teach you how to fight, I will, [ *She beats him.*  
 Draw off your Friends? Sirrah I charge you kneel.

*Lar.* Ah Madam Captain! my first Fault forgive —

*Leon.* Ne'r draw Toledo more as long's you live :

Next, I command thee that thou never fight,

But with our Sex —

*Lar.* That too shall be at Night.

*Leon.* Left you are kick'd to Men give no affront; V ad hugo

*Lar.* Ah! you are merciful! indeed I wo'nt.

*Leon.* Thy word shall serve — [ *Gives him his Sword.*

*Lar.* Your Wars I'd fain be at —

I know already how to manage that.

Vollies of sighs must first approach the Town,

To clear the brow of the defendant frown;

Kisses for Cannons, but my shot should fall

Thicker than cannon bullets'gainst your Wall.

The sturdy batt'ring Ram should charge her home,

While her faint No's supply the absent drum.

The breach once made, e'r I attaque the fort,

I would dismantl't, and peruse my sport :

And, if no modeish fireworks do remain,

I'll pitch my standard, and fall on again —

*Leon.* But stay rash Sir! suppose that you are beat;

A right stout man takes care for a retreat —

*Lar.* For a retreat? O prythee name it not —

I will o'come; — Or perish on the spot.

*Leon.* Poh! where's your Master? cease this idle Talk.

*Lar.* He's musing in his melancholly walk :

Let's



Let's to the Pantry first, for some relief;  
There's heavenly Wine, and mighty glorious Beef;

*Leon.* Thy heart lies in thy guts, Sirrah march on —

*Lar.* Love is a Dish I cannot live upon;  
Like my *Camelion* Master feed on looks,  
If e'r I do, my guts will curse the Cooks.

[ *Exeunt Larasco and Leonella.* ]

## Scene 2.

*Enter Don Fenise and Don Alonzo in a Garden.*

*Fen.* Hast thou ne'r seen a stately well rig'd Ship,  
Charge through the foaming billows of the deep?  
Whose batter'd Fabrick, stormy *Neptune* drawes  
Into the ruines of his frothy Jawes;  
Then shoots him up aloft, swift as a spear,  
Sent to affront th' *Olimpick Thunderer*:  
*Jove* loudly speaks his scorn of *Neptunes* brave,  
And lights the ship back to his watry grave.  
From ev'ry point rough winds each other call,  
Hasting to share the glory of his fall:  
The Vessell still bears up, though thus oppress'd,  
The Wind grown weary, gives the water rest;  
The skies serene, and all the storm blown ore,  
The longing Vessel makes the wish'd for shore;  
When, on a lurking Rock, so near the coast,  
She splits; and just i'th' harbour all is lost.

So Fortune plaid with me, I triumph'd ore  
The storms of her disdain, had sight of shore;  
That happy port of which my Love did steer,  
If Earth has yet a paradise, 'tis there —  
But now *Alonzo*! —

Mark the decree of my too cruel fate,  
Just on th' arrival of this glorious state,  
Ev'n in the prospect of my utmost joyes,  
It shipwracks all my blis, my hope destroys.

Which now lyes sunck in th' Ocean of despair;  
Sunck! for ever sunck! —

*Alon.* Time may repair  
Thy heavy loss, and raise thy drooping fate.

*Fen.* Never! —

*Alon.* This passion's too effeminate;  
A helpless Woman can, like thee, depaint  
Impatient sorrow in a weak complaint;  
Rayl on Sinister stars, and execrate  
The dire effects of her misguided fate.  
Such passive Soules teach fate to tyrannize.

*Fen.* What is't your active spirit would advise?

*Alon.* Despise thy mistress, and thy Rival kill;  
This way to doat will be excuseable.  
Do but the difference of passions prove,  
You'll find revenge is sweeter far then Love.

Thy more successful Rival must be slain —

*Fen.* I have no Rival, but her just disdain.

*Alon.* If it be just, you ought not to complain.

*Fen.* Were it not so my case were not so sad,  
Then hope might live; and pity might be had.

*Alon.* If not to thee, where will she give her heart?  
The sun ne'r saw a man of more desert.

*Fen.* Should thrifty nature spend her precious store,  
T'enrich one Heroe, till herself grow poor;  
She has not worth enough to buy the prize  
Of one rich smile, from her resistless Eyes.

*Alon.* A gallant Woman! were these fancies true:  
But as she's fair, so she is Cruel too.

*Fen.* There I'm lost —

*Alon.* Yes, to any thing of man,  
Or reason thou art lost; recal again  
That royal Exile; where wild passions sway,  
The Empire of the Soul will soon decay.  
So Ships without a knowing Guide are tosd,  
By ev'ry Gust in danger to be lost.  
Distraction in thy fancy needs must reign,  
Since it is form'd by a distracted Brain.

Reason would tell thee, Nature did design  
The female sex slaves to the Masculine ;  
'Till we are pleas'd to take them into grace,  
And bring the rib back to its proper place.

*Fen.* But love, the King of passions, wont allow,  
His subjects should to reasons Scepter bow.

*Alon.* Unreasonable love is Lust ; a beast  
May with a brutish passion be posselt.

*Fen.* You say you never lov'd, then how can you  
Define a passion which you never knew ?

*Alon.* I love good horses, sport on sprightly Wine ;  
This reason does allow, there's none for thine.  
If thou lov'st Beauty, view the forward spring :  
Seek it in Books if Virtue be the thing.  
Canst thou with ladders scale the starry grove,  
And mount the aery battlements of Jove ?  
That, and much more thou sooner may'st fulfil,  
Then court a froward Woman from her Will.

She maketh thy sighs and miseries her sport,  
Thou, like a fawning Span'el lov'st her for't.  
How vain, how foolish ? how ridiculous ?  
Poor and contemptible this passion shows ?  
All for a Woman too ; a false delight,  
First fram'd by Natures drowzy oversight :  
Begot by giddy drunkards, whose sick brains  
And reeling thoughts, their riper Age explains.  
A painted nothing, gaudy butterfly ;  
Black at the heart, though pleasing to the Eye.

This is thy Goddess, Mistress of thy Fate,  
Henceforth we will pursue them with a hate  
As great as was thy Love, and thou and I  
Will from their charmes, as from diseases fly.  
Summon thy exil'd reason to her throne.

*Fen.* Your witty malice you in vain have shown ;  
Your counsel is a senseless dream to me,  
Love knows no reason, no Philosophy.

*Alon.* Your ruine faces you, yet you run on  
Like losing Gamsters, ev'n when hope is gon.

True

True friends no close distinction make, one fate  
In joy and grief they both participate.  
But I am troublesome, unwelcome grown,  
You will be happy when you are alone — [Going out.]

*Fen.* Stay! stay *Alonzo*. pr'ythee pardon me;  
To pettish age, or young simplicity  
We more allow — Loves dotage I confess,  
But have not power yet to make it less.

*Enter Leonella with a Letter.*

*Leon.* O my goodness! what a sweet man is here?  
A lovely tempting shape! — [She gives the Letter to *Fenise*.]

*Fen.* Is it from her?  
Thou bringst a blessing in each Character.

*Alon.* What's the decree? does she propose a peace?  
Thy looks are sad, pr'ythee explain the cause.

*Fen.* Read there —

*Alonzo reads the Letter.*

*Alon.* The first part of my promise being past,  
You must assist me to perform the last.  
When I did yield to go, you did agree,  
This day orepast I should be ever free.  
That done, which Gratitude oblig'd me to,  
I'll to my self be just, as well's to you.  
You must forget me, never see me more:  
'Tis fit you keep, what you so freely swore.

*Alcinda.*

*Alon.* Before we number many flying hours,  
This blustering March shall melt in April show'ers.  
Hear me — [Fenise and Alonzo whisper.]

*Leon.* Oh that I were a Lady for his sake!  
A man made up in wax —

*Alon.* How Sir not take?

Then



Then I doat too ; come, worse it cannot be ;  
Laugh heartily, and leave the rest to me.

*Fen.* O I cannot —

*Alon.* What will you still be mad ?  
You cannot win her by your looking sad.

*Fen.* Well, I submit, but if your project fail —

*Alon.* Assure thy self that nothing can prevail.

*Fen.* Never see me more ! — ha ha he !

How imperiously these Ladies write ?  
Must forget me ! — ha ha he !

*Alon.* Bravely done, by th is light.  
Yet leaves thy choice as free as heretofore,  
'Tis fit you keep what you so freely swore.

*Fen.* Go tell the Toy you came from, I'm above  
The power of her malice or her love.

*Leon.* Alack alack good Gentleman ! these fits  
Of Love, have put him quite beside his wits.  
He is become insensible of's pain.

*Fen.* O No ! my sense is just return'd again —  
Thy Lady *Circe's* charming spells are broke,  
And now I'm free'd from her enchanting Yoke.

As one, that's by an *Ignis fatuus* led  
To some aspiring Rock, whose craggy head,  
Hangs drooping o're the deep unmeasur'd Main,  
Flyes with amazed horror back again ;  
So I, misled by those false lights her Eyes,  
Was like to fall loves foolish Sacrifice ;  
But now my Soul see's clear, I'll doat no more,  
But fly those dangers I pursu'd before.

*Leon.* If I return this message Sir ! I'll add  
That when you spoke it, you were raving mad.

*Fen.* Woman ! I'm calm and serious, say from me  
That light and darkness sooner may agree,  
Than we two meet — Oh what do I intend !  
I shall undo my self to please my friend.

*Alon.* No flinching now, I'll warrant thee she's thine.  
Read her Note agen.

*Fen.* This is very fine !

[ Reads.  
Pray

Pray let no more enticing Notes be brought,  
 'Tis loss of time to read her idle thought.  
 Yet, this I will preserve, as slaves made free  
 Keep that which justifies their libertie.  
 Oh *Alonzo*! —

*Alon.* No more, 'tis bravely done.  
 March off — I'll finish what's so well begun  
 Go tell your foolish Lady how you sped,  
 Her snare is broken, and the Bird is fled —

[Exit *Feuife*.]

[Exit *Leonella*.]

*Enter Don Feuife.*

*Fen.* One scorching glance, If from her eyes it came,  
 Would set a frozen *Scythian* in a flame.

*Alon.* How's this? relaps'd agen! can you be free,  
 Yet hug those Chains that cause your miserie?  
 Y'are like a poor Idolater, betray'd  
 To serve that Idol which your self have made.  
 Think all are beautiful, and 'twill appear,  
 You love your own fond fancy more then her.  
 You may as soon forget her if you please —

*Fen.* Fancy can be no cure for Loves disease:  
 We cannot of our selves, or love, or hate,  
 Love shoots his golden Arrows sure as fate,  
 Why do I talk! — I may as soon declare  
 To one born blind, what light and colours are.

*Alon.* If y'are so fix'd, you will not be remov'd,  
 Leave nought untry'd to make your self belov'd.  
 And, as you hope your wishes think on this,  
 Don't cringe and Idolize her for a kiss,  
 But ravish't from her lips, for to entreat  
 Makes her aversion seemingly more great;  
 A careless confidence makes Women yeild.  
 Thus you'l win honour, though you lose the field.

*Fen.* Her constant virtue, seats her heart above  
 The mad attempts you use in looser love.  
 Nor must we try those idle wayes, to gain  
 A Sovereigns smiles, that do ore others raigh.

*Alon.* A Co-

*Alon.* A Sovereign! why you disown'd her pow'r,  
In sending back her dear Embassadour  
With so much scorn, as shew'd less love then hate.  
Princes with slaves will ne'r capitulate.  
Think you to win her now? be not so vain —  
You vow'd a passion, and forswor't again;  
If, all your love and Courtship would not do,  
Now y<sup>e</sup> are a Rebel 'tis in vain to wooe.

*Fen.* Treacherous man! was this thy policy?  
Think'st thou to grow, where th<sup>o</sup> hast supplanted me.  
So bravely to betray me — ye just pow'rs!  
'Tis not my own revenge I act but yours,  
Direct my trembling Arme, teach it an art  
To search the secret passages of's heart —  
Did troops of Devils guard thy perjur'd brest,  
( As sure they do ) for wert thou not possess't  
With hellish hopes, thou couldst not be so base )  
Thus would I ruin their abiding place.  
Defend thy self —

*Alon.* Dear *Fenise*! hear me, if my blood may give  
Ease to thy passion, I'll not wish to live:  
Strike boldly here, and kill thy truest friend.

*Fen.* Think'st thou, this poor evasion shall defend  
Thy life? 'Thas rais'd my rage to such a height,  
That now I'll kill thee though thou wilt not fight.  
Traytor to friendships and to honours law!  
Coward! *Alonzo's* a Coward! now draw —

*Alon.* Your strange distemper does my pity raise,  
But not my anger —

*Fen.* Ha! what is't he says?  
His pity! Heav'n's his pity! that word  
Wounds me more sensibly then can thy sword.  
Draw! or I'll murder thee, by Heav'n I will!  
Though Angels guard thy life —

*Alon.* He's madder still —  
Hold Sir! I will fight —

*Fen.* Then thou art Generous, and I'll destroy  
Thy tainted life with so much gallantry,  
'Twill be less happiness to live then dye,

F

*Alon.* First

*Alon.* First hear my Reason, though your own you slight—  
Nay hear me speak, or else I will not fight.

*Fen.* Say on ———

*Alon.* The Crime you charge me with is Love,  
But 'tis the strangest Love that man can own,  
To doat upon a Beauty yet unknown:  
An object, which ne'er entertain'd my Eyes,  
Nor fancy yet, ——— O senseless jealousies!  
Time is not, two houres older grown since fame  
First reach'd my Eares with your *Alcindor's* name:  
Have you such pow'rful Rhet'rick, to enforce  
So strange a passion with your mad discourse?  
She never had a thought, nor wish from me,  
But what I paid as one concern'd for thee.  
Believe thy friend, recal thy wandring sense,  
Own thy mistake, and see my Innocence.

*Fen.* Ye drouzy stars! how long will yee permit,  
That I such gross absurdities commit?  
Thou cruel Woman, and more cruel Fate,  
Am I the mark of Loves, and Fortunes hate?  
Forgive me Sir! and if y'are yet my friend,  
Helpe me to give my Love and care an end.  
Peirce this rebellious heart, one little thrust  
Will pay deaths tribute; then my peaceful dust  
Wrapp'd in the cold imbraces of the grave,  
Where it can nothing wish, will all things have.  
Turn not away — will you be cruel too?  
Why should I beg what I my self can do

[ *Offers to fall on his sword.*

*Alon.* Strange madness! — Heavens! what do you intend —

[ *Alonzo hinders him,*

*Fen.* To spight my fortune, are not you my friend?

*Alon.* I'll seale it with my dearest blood.

*Fen.* Then why

Will you oppose my latest remedy?

*Alon.* How can death be the end of miserie,  
When 'tis the greatest pain of all to dye?

*Fen.* O



*Fen.* O death is short, and after there's no pain;

*Alon.* But when we dye we hope to live again,  
You rob the gods of their prerogative,  
If you should dye when they would have you live.

By acts so desperate, and so unjust,  
You will renew your sorrows in the dust.  
Be yet your self, bravely resolve to slight  
The worst effects of Loves, and Fortunes spight.  
He rules his stars, though never so unkind,  
That bears misfortunes with an equal mind.

*Fen.* Ye pow'rs above! pity my sad Estate:  
And guide me th'rough this Labyrinth of Fate.

[*Exeunt* Don Fenise and Alonzo.]

### Scene 3.

*Enter Larasco, with three Neighbours.*

*Lar.* No quarrels Gentlemen! that's my decree,  
For I'm a Tyrant if you anger me:  
A Lyon incarnate — for the least word,  
I must have satisfaction with the sword.  
This *Bilboe*, simple as it hangs, has sped  
Whole dozens in a morning at *Madrid*.  
Heark ye! this bold *French* boy that made such work  
In *Flanders*, and the huge *Venetian Turk*.  
Both pay a pension to this dreadful Sword —  
You know more then the King does; not a Word —

1. *Neigh.* O wonderful how strongly is he made?

2. *Neigh.* Well we are blest to meet this noble blade.

*Lar.* The King imployes so many flatt'ring Spies,  
I could not rest but for this base disguise.

You are all true —

*All.* 3. I! I! I! —

*Lar.* Nay were you base,  
Not one of you should live to leave this place.  
Would you be Souldiers? men of great command?  
Shew but a line from this victorious hand.

Though I'm so feirce ; sometimes I'm pleasant too,  
And fool with mortals, as I dance with you.

*The Dance*

*Lar.* Hold ! hold ! this boxing may my courage raise,  
Which only blood and gaping wounds alaiies.  
When the dog *Turk* was at *Lepanto* beat,  
Who was it think ye gave him that defeat ?  
The wings were lost, the plain with dead was fill'd,  
The Cannon taken and the body reeld,  
But never was there so much horroure seen,  
As when my single troop of horse fell in.  
Th'rough Guns, Swords, fire and blood I led the way,  
Ralli'd the flying troops and won the day.  
The *Turkes* like fearful sheep we overcame,  
You could not hear the Cannons for my name,  
*Larasco ! Larasco ! Viçtoria !*

*All.* *Larasco ! Viçtoria ! Larasco !*

*Enter Fenise and Alonzo.*

*Fen.* Sirrah ! what saucy noise is this I hear ?

[ *Neighbors run off.*

*Lar.* Only a little harmeles musick Sir —

*Fen.* Halte, halte, *Larasco !* and prepare my horse ;  
To your advice I now will have recourse.

Woman farewell ! Glory and Fame I'll court ;

*Alonzo !* see her not, the time's too short :

My passion may revive by longer stay.

*Alon.* Bravely resolv'd —

When you are ready, I'll soon lead the way

This murth'ring beauty I must needs survey

What's your busness here ?

[ *Exit Fenise.*

*Enter Sanchez.*

*San.* Hearing that you wanted a man I came,

To

To tender my service to you

*Alon.* Where hast thou liv'd ?

*San.* I serv'd a wealthy man in *India* last :

*Signior Don Pedro* ———

*Alon.* *De Valiza* was't ?

*San.* The same ; I serv'd him 'till his latest breath.

*Alon.* Why, he was shiprack'd ; how did'st thou 'scape death ?

*San.* No Sir he did at Sea pay Natures debt —

So good a master, I shall ne'r forget.

*Alon.* Canst tell what Port the Vessel made, and where  
Those little Ladies are, which he had there.

*San.* The ship arriv'd in *Spain*, I know no more ;  
I was next day found dead upon the shore :  
My sense so long was lost, I ne'r did know  
How I came there, or who had us'd me so.

*Alon.* I'll take thee for that Masters sake, go in

[ *Exit Sanchez.*

This news will much upon *Don Fenise* win,

*Don Pedra de Valiza* was my Father ;

One of the Ladies was sister to *Don Fenise*,

The other was my sister.

Nine years they have been missing, and 'till now

We never heard where they were lost, or how —

Grant they may yet survive, ye pow'r's divine !

Then *Fenise* is oblig'd by vows to mine,

And I'm as strictly ty'd to marry his :

Which will confirm his thoughts of quitting this.

I will not see her, but wee'l strait to horse :

And yet I must, compell'd by hidden force —

What should this mean Devil ! to let thee see,

None of thy female sprights have pow'r o're me.

I will go see her ; Woman do thy worst !

Who courts, or feares thee, equally is curst.

*The End of the Third Act.*

ACT IV.

## ACT IV. Scene 1.

*Enter Don Fenise and Don Alonzo.*

*Fen.* How! our sisters, and on the coast of *Spain!*  
 Each hour's an age till you return again.  
 If fair *Laurina* lives, once more I vow,  
 On none but her I will my heart bestow.

*Alon.* May all the curses of the *Trojan Queen*,  
 Upon my head be doubl'd ore agen,  
 If any beauty living has a part  
 But my *Calista*, in *Alonzo's* heart.

*Fen.* Wee'll search where careful mortals never trod.  
 Where birds or fullen beasts make no aboad —

*Alon.* No melancholy grove, — no hollow tree —

*Fen.* No Creek ith' briney region of the *Sea* —  
 Though deep as hell, secret as lustful night,

*Alon.* Or traytors thoughts —

*Fen.* Shall 'scape our peirceing sight.

*Alon.* I'll find *Calista* —

*Fen.* And *Laurina* I —

*Alon.* Wee'll in a bed or grave together lie.

[*Exeunt Fenise and Alonzo*]

## Scene 2.

*Enter Don Manuel and Alcinda, in Don Manuel's House.*

*Man.* Your Genius fair *Alcinda!* takes a flight,  
 Above the common reach of Womens fight.  
 You are discreet, and can instruct me best,  
 How to resolve a doubt which breaks my rest.

*Alc.* Good Sir spare my blushes: What is my crime?

*Man.* Lay by such thoughts, for I would lose no time —  
 Pray hear me!



Suppose a harmless child were left alone,  
Wandering and lost upon some pathless down.  
Forfaken by her Parents, and expos'd  
To fortunes mercy; this is but suppos'd —

*Alc.* No p a r e n t s c o u l d p o s s e s s s u c h f l i n t y m i n d s .

*Man.* A gentl eman this little wand'rer finds,  
Dejected, weary, hopeless, starv'd, and weak,  
Where none could see her weep, or hear her speak.

*Alc.* O Heavens! would he not relieve the child?

*Man.* Necessity already made her wild :  
He kindly takes her up, and brings her home.

*Alc.* A noble pious man, Ages to come  
Will bless his Charity —

*Man.* Pray hear the rest !

She with his daughter shares his equal breast :  
Their cloathes alike, alike their breeding is,  
Onely his thoughts distinguish'd that from this.  
Suppose my self the man, and you were she,  
Imagine it ; how would you answer me ?

*Alc.* As Heaven Sir ! and justice do command,  
My heart would not permit you to demand,  
But I should freely offer what you gave ;  
To buy your liberty, become a slave.

*Man.* Then know, that you are she : that child whom I  
Found so cast off to want, and miserie :  
'Twas I preserv'd you ; what has since besel,  
How I have lov'd you, your own self can tell.

*Alc.* You tell me wonders Sir ! why did you name  
Your self my guardian ?

*Man.* Thy spotless fame  
Had else been blasted, with the busie air  
Of envious tongues, which nothing can repair.  
Besides, *Rosella* justly might repine,  
To see her welfare pris'd no more then thine.

*Alc.* Good Sir ! informe me who my Parents were,  
Whose hopeless state forc'd them to leave me there !  
With bended knees, low as the humble earth,  
I'd pay that duty which I owe my birth.

*Man.* Some

*Man.* Some Oracle must answer your request,  
But if that tenderness I have express,  
Deserve your grateful thoughts, if ought be due,  
Restore me back that life I then gave you.

*Alc.* Explain your secret language Sir ! from me  
You may command my life, and liberty !  
With careful duty I'll your care repay,  
My narrow fate permits no other way.

*Man.* In short, Love has so far possess't my mind,  
I cannot live unless you will be kind.

*Alc.* Heavens ! what do I hear ? excess of care  
Desturbs your sense, you are not well I fear.

*Man.* Nourish no more this idle misbelief,  
Let your reply be positive, and brief ;  
I love you, to enjoy you, come be wise,  
My closet's private from the Worlds eyes ;  
None dares disturb our joyes, and what's unknown,  
Untold by babling fame, is still undone.

*Alc.* O Sir ! can you find out a privacy,  
Shut from the sight of Heavens peircing eye ?  
That will behold us, and though justice staves,  
'Twill grow the more severe by those delays.  
Divine revenge will seize you, in a time  
When y'are pursuing this unhappy crime ;  
Nor can it be unknown, the dazling sun  
Will write upon my forehead what is done.  
Thus low I beg your pity — O forbear !  
Your guilt will like a gnawing Vultur, tear  
Your fright'ned Conscience ; and the action past,  
The beastly pleasure dies : the guilt will last.

*Man.* Fairly accept my love and my estate,  
Or I'll enjoy you at a cheaper rate.  
I'll force your stubborn wilfulness, and then  
Return you to your vagrant life agen.

*Alc.* Turn me a begging Sir ! and I'll proclame  
You for a Saint, I'll canonize your name.

You cannot force me though I am your slave,  
Death will preserve me and my honour save.

Just Heaven! hear my vow, if you proceed,  
May I be curs'd, if I survive the dead.

*Man.* I'll take no more, so cruel and so young!  
Force shall supply the weakness of my tongue.

[ *Alcinda runs out at one dore, and Mingo*

*Alc.* Help! help! help! *enters hastily at another, disguised.*

*Man.* Cross luck! speak what art thou?

*Min.* It is the same; dear mischief help me now!

*Man.* Whether would'st go? what do'st seek? what do'st fear?

*Min.* Most noble Sir! afford your courteous ear,  
The chance of War, guided by fates decree,  
Made me a slave to Turkish tyranny.

I serv'd a 'prentiship in chayns, became  
An Eunuch to assist their beastly flames:  
Kind Heav'n at last appeas'd, did freedom grant,  
But in my flight I was surpris'd by want.

Some envious females having known my case,  
And all my losses, had me strait in Chase.

I took this Sanctuary, and from you  
Entreat protection from this raging crew.

By all you value most, by all that's dear;  
And by your Innocence preserve me here.

On your sweet mercies Altar I lay hold,  
No disrespect but danger makes me bold.

*Man.* But art thou a very Eunuch indeed?

*Min.* As I tell true, so may you help my need.

*Man.* I'll entertain thee, if thou wilt be mine,  
Thy business shall be easie.

*Min.* I resigne,  
My life't'ee, and if I've done ill in ought,  
My diligence shall expiate my fault.

I have him fast; He's full of thoughts, plot on  
Projecting Scot! thou fool! thou cheating Don!  
Blest saints reward you, you have sav'd my life.

[ *Aside.*

*Man.* This Eunuchs help will soon conclude the strife,  
I'll in and teach him how to play his part,  
Her body's mine, although I lose her heart.  
Follow me in —

[ *Exeunt Manuel and Mingo.*  
Scene

## Scene 3.

*Enter Rosella, Alcinda, Leonella.*

*Rosel.* A ravisher! O strange and horrid Crime!

*Alc.* 'Tis a sad truth, if at that very time,  
Heav'n had not sent that unexpected aid;  
His Lust most fiercely rag'd, when most I pray'd.  
Oh that *Don Fenise* would agen be kind!

*Leon.* Madam! ne'r hope that he will change his mind;  
You easily may guess at his intent,  
By this fine song his worthy friend has sent.

*Rosel.* Sing it *Leonella* —

*Leonella* sings this Song.

Down with this Love that has made such a pothor,  
This Jack with a Lanthorn that leads us a round,  
Till with dull Marri'ge we Cheat one another,  
For joyes that do vanish, as soon as th'are found.  
Repent ye proud Nymphs! for your Tricks shall not pass,  
We'll change no more Gold, and good Stones for your Glasse.

While so severely you rail at the pleasure,  
And kill the poor Lover that's at your command;  
Like Doctors, you turn your heads from the Treasure,  
But Oh how you grasp what is put in your hand.  
Repent, &c.

When the short minute we sigh'd for is over,  
The Nymph is more kind, and more brisk than before;  
But how dejected and dull is her Lover,  
To find all his Passion can purchase no more?  
Repent ye proud Nymphs! for your Tricks shall not pass,  
We'll change no more Gold, and good Stones for your Glasse.

*Rosel.* Let



*Rosel.* Let not her rash despair invade thy heart,  
Continue kind, and let me play my part.

*Leon.* Madam ! here's a messenger from *Don Fenise*.

*Rosel.* My life on't he repents; withdraw a while,  
When you return my news shall make ye smile. [ *Exit Alcinda.*  
I'll punish him; go fetch my Vizard mask,  
And tell him I'm *Alcinda* if he ask.  
Now bring him in;

*Enter Alonzo.*

Reason protect my heart!

A sweeter shape was never feign'd by art.

*Alin.* Must I discourse with masks? with fable hrouds?

I dare peruse your beauty free from clouds.

Could you outshine the morning, could your rays

Obscure the glorious sun in clearest dayes;

Could your insinuating flames, inspire

A Stoicks flinty heart with loves soft fire:

To me your boasted Excellence is dim,

Those foolish toys have pow'r on none but him,

*Fenise*, that lov'd you once, mark me Lady!

That lov'd you once, and such a Beauty made ye;

But he's converted, and he vows, no more

Your well mix'd paint and patches to adore.

*Rosel.* Pray hear me Sir! —

*Alon.* Madam! I am not come

To feign sad stories of your servants death;

Your charming name fill'd up his latest breath,

He dy'd for love of you, — and when your tears

Witness repentance, Ease you of your fears.

No! I resolv'd some minutes to bestow,

To slight those charmes that had bewitch'd him so. [ *Exit Alonzo.*

*Rosel.* As you are truly Noble hear me speak;

Should he be cruel, sure my heart must break.

Is he gone? quickly call him back, run, fly —

*Leon.* 'Slife what ailes you Madam?

*Rosel.* Make no reply —

Perswade him back, or never see my face ;  
 Ha ! what have I done ? in so short a space  
 To lose my heart ?  
 This for *Alcinda* I did undertake,  
 Now she may do it for *Rosellas* sake.  
 A gallant man !

Enter *Alonzo*.

*Alon.* What does your message mean ?

*Rosel.* Reallity, let *Fenise* love ag'en, [ *She takes off her mask.*  
*Alcinda* shall be his ; I give my hand,  
 A sign the contract shall most firmly stand.  
 Use all the interest that you can make  
 To stay him, for the sad *Alcindas* sake.

*Alon.* Ha ! what do I see ?  
 Angel ! or Saint ! or whatsoe'r you be !  
 That take frail Womans shape, low on the ground,  
 I beg that pardon you from Heaven found.

*Leon.* The gentleman's smitt'n, he's caught i' faith !  
 How he surveyes each beauty that she hath ?  
 'Tis *German* clockwork sure, how its eyes roul ?  
 Look ye the mouth on't moves ; alas pretty Soull !  
 A very rare motion —  
 I long to see some tricks, his peirceing eye  
 Declares him Skilful in Astrologie ;  
 Can you cast nativities Sir ?

*Alon.* Begone !  
 Let me and my nativity alone —  
 O happy friend !

*Rosel.* Near night he'll find her at the *Cypress* grove ;  
 He will not fail if he pretend to love.  
 Good thoughts attend you —

*Alon.* Though you design  
 Your self for him, your picture may be mine —  
 Think me not rude, by your fair self I vow,  
 I ne'r beg'd favour from your Sex'till now.

The *Indies* shall not buy it from my eyes —

*Ros.* Though what you ask my modesty denies,  
Nay though I've made a vow never to part  
From this, but to the man that has my heart —  
Yet y<sup>e</sup> have prevail'd; take it, and all content.

*Alon.* As I would take aguiſt from Heaven ſent.

*Ros.* Oh my heart! farewell Sir! — pray don't forget,  
Fie, fie, *Rosella*! this once — he's there yet —

[*Exeunt Alonzo and Rosella at ſeveral dores.*]

*Enter preſently Alonzo and Mingo.*

*Alon.* *Mingo*! why this diſguiſe? what mak'ſt thou here?

*Min.* I ſtrive to live — y<sup>e</sup> are angry ſtill I fear,  
Pray pardon me; you alwayes found me juſt.  
In your affairs, though led' aſide by luſt.

*Alon.* Pry'thee no more, leſt Proteſtations raiſe  
Suſpition of thy faith, without a cauſe.

*Min.* Now Sir! I am from all my faults reclaim'd,  
And blaſh with anger when I hear them nam'd.  
Pray let me ſerve you here Sir! my great care  
Shall teſtifie, what my intentions are.

*Alon.* I'll think upon't; there's earneſt of my love. [*gives him money.*]

*Min.* May you receive this bounty from above, [*Exit Alonzo.*]  
Inten thouſand Curſes; and when Heavens ſtore  
Exauſted is, I'll coyn as many more.

This was a happy diſguiſe —

I've gain'd ſo much upon *Don Manuel's* wife,  
She has diſcover'd to me all his life.

He's mine, to gain *Alcinda* by my Ayd;  
And my pretended Love has gain'd the maid.  
From her I'll learn what brought *Alonzo* on,  
And then I'll do your work, my angry *Don*!  
Here ſhe comes —

*Enter Leonella.*

*Enter Don Manuel obſerving them.*

O my dear Rogue! what dangers have I trod?  
How many weary ſteps? how often rode

Ore

Ore hill and dale ? through fire and frost.

Through frights and foes ? what Wives ? what fortunes lost ?

*Leon.* Time has not chang'd thee, thou art *Mingo* still.

*Mingo.* Thy slave my Sultaneſs ! both heart and will :

O let me ever hold thee thus —

*Man.* Here's ſport ! —

An Eunuch ? a Stalion ! I'll ſpoyl your Court.

D'ee hear Sirrah ! Villain ! Rogue ! what are you ?

[ *Exit Leonella.*

*Min.* Thy evil Angel, *Gorzell* ! nay tis true :

*Gorzell* I ſay ! haſt thou forgot thy name ?

Thy Cheats, thy Murthers too, I can proclame,

*Man.* Mercy, ſweet Devil mercy ! pity me !

*Min.* Riſe mortal, and give ear to my decree ;

One beauty ſhall be mine, the other thine,

And equally we'll ſhare the pilfer'd coyn ;

Diſpatch thy answer quick ; conſent, and live —

*Man.* Y'are merciful, take all that I can give.

*Min.* Then I'm thy friend, and *Mingo*.

[ *Discovers himſelf.*

*Man.* Catch'd agen ?

\*Sdeath how didſt thou diſcover, me or when ?

*Min.* O never queſtion that, let it ſuffice,

I know you now, and all your Subtleties.

Hold to your bargain, we'll go hand in hand,

And raiſe ſuch plots Fate ſhall not countermand.

That wench will tell me news if you retire —

*Man.* Th'art my good Angel, take thy own deſire.

*Min.* You muſt not ſee it, though I ſeem too kind

To your *Tereſa* —

*Man.* No ! no ! uſe thy mind —

[ *Exit Manuel.*

*Min.* Yes, and thy ſoft pate, long proſperity

Has lull'd the rascal in ſecurity.

Here comes his fellow trader —

*Enter Tereſa.*

*Ter.* Dear Eunuch ! this has been a tedious day.

*Min.* How eagerly this Creature longs for prey ?

Time's



Time's lazy grown, 'tis yet an hour to night.

*Ter.* That hour's eternity — let's lose our fight,  
And make it ever night —

*Min.* O hold ! you prophesie your death I fear.

*Ter.* Death ! prythee let's go in — and meet it there.

*Min.* Know then in short,  
I'm hir'd to murder you ; here's earnest for't :

[ *Shews the money Alonzo gave him.*

Your husband loves *Alcinda* —

*Ter.* O base slave !

Villain ! I'll to him strait ; I'll tear the knave —

*Min.* Stay ! you'l undo us both ; but if you will,  
You may preserve us both, and *Manuel* kill.

Dispatch him roundly, if you love me then

I'll marry you —

*Ter.* I'll doe't ! thou best of men !

[ *Exit Teresa.*

*Leonella* peeps in and *Enters.*

*Min.* Nay she's gone ;

My best saint ! my wife *Medea* ! what spell  
Wilt thou invent, old *Mannel's* rage to quell ?

*Leon.* A powerful charm which he can ne'r withstand.

*Min.* *Teresa* doats, doats on me, by this hand !

She's so jealous of thee too, we shall ne'r

Enjoy in quiet while we tarry here.

*Leon.* Come, come, there's Villany on foot ; my ear  
Gave me intelligence, though none appear.

They look like saints ; for all their pious show,  
There may be Murthers, Whores, and Rogues, or so.

*Min.* I understand, therefore 'tis our best way,  
To make a handsome pack, and march away.

*Leon.* Our Ladies do prepare to meet their Lovers,  
I must along too —

*Min.* Mark well how it proves ;  
And let me know, it may produce a light,  
To guide us on in our intended flight.

*Leon.* I'll observe, adieu ! —

*Min.* Ioy of my life, farewell ! thus far I thrive ;

I must be suddain, lest so many Eyes  
 As I employ, may find my Subtilties.  
 I'm stor'd with Wives, and with a helping friend,  
 I'll make true use o'm; to my propper end.  
 On fair *Rosella* lyes my aim, though here  
 Is my circumference, my centre's there.

[ *Exit*. Mingo.

Scene 4.

*Enter Alonzo, with a picture in his hand.*

*Alon.* The blasting light'ning darte from the Sky,  
 Kills not so sure as this transpiercing Eye,  
 Coward *Alonzo*! shall thy Courage sinck,  
 At white and red? a Woman make thee shrink.  
 That thing which I despis'd; do I not know,  
 Beauties like flow'r's do fade as fast as grow?

Why should I love, and think of this? nay more,  
 That when we have enjoy'd, the passions o're,  
 And w're asham'd of that we did adore.  
 Unruly force of wild desire! — this frame  
 Is beautiful as she, this face the same,  
 This I can break, deform it when I please;  
 Intruding Age, or any weak disease,  
 Will make her pow'rful charms as soon decline;  
 Minds oft' are wicked, though the shapes divine.  
 Folly farewell! this Idle senceless toy,  
 And all my passion too, thus I destroy —

[ *Alonzo throwes away the Picture,*  
*Fenise Enters and takes it up.* —

*Fen.* What suddain change is this?

*Alon.* O happy *Fenise*! fair *Alcinda's* thine,  
 Fly to the Cypres grove, there she'l resign  
 Her self into thy armes — be ever blest,  
 I'll seek a grave, while thou enjoy'st thy rest.

*Fen.* Hate

*Fen.* Hate me for ever —

If I seek Joy while you have Discontent.

*Alon.* I love your Mistress Sir! and to prevent  
Any unworthy Act, so base a flame  
May tempt me to, I'll fly to hide my shame.

*Fen.* More unto Friendship, than to Love I ow,  
If you unhappy are, I must be so.

You made her mine, when all my hope was gone,  
'Tis just you should enjoy what you have won.

*Alon.* Let it suffice in Love I yield to you,  
Strive not to conquer me in friendship too:  
Conceal that tempting Shadow from my sight;  
Those that would cure weak Eyes, should fly the Light.

*Fen.* Is this the Form you love ?

*Alon.* No Painters Art,  
Could e'r infuse more life in ev'ry part.

*Fen.* Fortune is kind, her Blessings to divide,  
Both may be happy yet, Both satisf'd.  
'Tis not *Alcinda* Sir! but may she be  
As kind, as fair *Alcinda* was to me.

*Alon.* Who is it then? There was no other by.

*Fen.* Let's to the place, and there the difference try.  
But stay they are here —

*Enter Alcinda, Rosella, Leonella.*

*Alon.* Two Suns at once in Beauties glorious Sphere,  
Denote some change in Loves high State draws near.

*Fen.* Pray Heav'n his Tyranny may now decay.

*Alon.* In me it shall, I'll die or win the day.

*Fen.* Encourag'd by your Goodness, I am come  
To meet a Blessing, or receive my Doom.  
More to my Love, then my Offence, is due;  
My Change was feigned, but my Love is true.  
It is the practice of the Pow'rs above,  
To pardon Errors, and accept of Love:  
Your Beautie's heav'nly, make your Language so:  
Will you that pardon which you ask bestow?

H

Though

Though you so well your easie change disguise,  
 I see the marks of Anger in your Eyes.  
 Remember *Fenise*! you did use to woo;  
 Despise not Love because 'tis offer'd you.  
 Will you refuse me then? Where shall I hide?  
 I blush to ask, but dye to be deny'd.

*Fen.* Refuse you Madam! Will a swelling heart  
 Refuse a Kingdom? Will a Hermit part  
 With want, and misery? by his remove,  
 To share the blessed happiness above?  
 My Soul is so transported with her Bliss,  
 I fear, it will believe no Heav'n but this.

*Rosel.* But Fire that's slowly rais'd, as late decays.

*Alon.* Let common Beauties reign by common ways:  
 Too much your Beauty, and my Love you wrong,  
 Light'ning is sudden, yet no Flame more strong.

*Ros.* Powder that swiftly fires, as soon does wast.

*Alon.* Yet does the Fire, as long's the Subject last.  
 So shall my Love, and never know decay,  
 But in the Grave, where no Affections stay.  
 That tedious way of Courtship you approve,  
 Shews much of Patience, and but little Love.  
 Extremes of Passion, such as Love inspires,  
 As ill are suffer'd, as devouring fires:  
 Mine, grown too pow'rful for my narrow Breast,  
 Presumes already to disturb your Rest.

*Fen.* Madam! one charge from you, would make her yield.

*Alc.* Love has the Day, but Shame would keep the Field.  
 Your heart is hers, pray trust me with your hand,  
 Come Sister! lend me yours, though *Hymen's* Band  
 May be more Ceremonious, may this  
 Endure as long, and be as firm as his.  
 Now I pronounce you one——

*Rosel.* Remember Sister! you compel my Love.

*Alc.* The Earth shall vanish, ere my Faith remove.

*Rosel.* With equal joy I meet your noble flame,  
 I will be ever yours——Pray hide my shame.

*Alon.* That lovely blush, looks like the Ev'ning Air,  
 Whose Scarlet-dye proclaims the next day fair:

And



And so may this Prophetickly appear,  
 For here begins my blifs, and ends my fear.  
 With purer Zeal a Heathen never paid  
 Vows to his Idol, for supposed Aid,  
 Then I present my Heart, a Gift too low  
 To speak the Service I will ever owe.

*Fen.* Ladies! Since we are Conquerors thus far,  
 The great Affairs of Love, as those of War,  
 Call for Advice to make the Conquest good,

*Alon.* That from our Leaders must be understood.  
 Command us Ladies! We will execute.

*Ros.* This place is most unfit for such dispute.

*Alc.* No Treaty will be heard, to think of that  
 Will be in vain, the Foe is obstinate.

*Alon.* Now let us lead you off a glorious Prize,  
 Why should we trust our fatal Destinies?

*Rosel.* Brave Enemies! you shall command our Lives,  
 But hasty resolution seldom thrives.

*Alon.* My lovely Mistrifs! where all Beauties dwell,  
 True honour of your worthy—Sex, farewell!

[*Exeunt several ways.*]

### Scene 5.

*Enter Don Manuel and Mingo.*

*Ming.* Most certain 'tis they are resolv'd to fly,  
 And only wait an Opportunity;  
 Pretend to make a Journey, and take Horse;  
 'Tis Policy must do't, in vain is Force.  
 Now *Leonella* is dispatch'd with that,  
 Shall raise between their Servants mortal hate.  
 They both shall die before to Morrows Sun;  
 Nay more, by their own Swords it shall be done.

*Man.* Excellent *Mingo*!—

*Ming.* With *Leonella*, I'me to meet this night,  
 I'th Summer-house, for an intended flight.  
 That must be your Retreat, on her lay hold,  
 For she'll be furnish'd with a Mine of Gold.

Make haste away ! — be sure you fail her not.

*Man.* Wit prosper thee, brave Rogue !

[*Exit Manuel.*]

*Ming.* O fear it not.

Poor Fool ! I'll make thee sensible e're long,  
That thou hast sold thy Welfare for a Song.  
An idle senseless Tale, can thy dull Brain  
Believe, that for thy ease I'll take this pain ?

*Enter Teresa.*

*Ming.* Here comes my Midnight's Ghost —

*Teref.* My best delight !

Fate can't deny us happiness ; this night  
Old *Manuel* rides abroad.

*Ming.* But is it true ?

*Teref.* Just now we parted, as I came to you.

*Ming.* How Goodness is abus'd ! a meer pretence ;  
How Rogues may work upon your Innocence ?  
Alas good Soul ! This Night he means to spend  
I'th Summer-house, there's his long Journeys end :  
There he, and modest *Leonella* meet.

*Teref.* *Leonella* too, bless me !

*Ming.* Nay, go see't ;

And if you love me, now you may be mine ;  
He once remov'd, I will be ever thine :  
Here's that will do the work, revenge your wrong :

[*Gives her a Pistol and a Dagger.*]

Resolve it suddenly, the time's not long.

*Teref.* Think not, my little Silence did proceed  
From foolish pity, no ! they both shall bleed.

*Ming.* The Woman you may pardon if you will.

*Teref.* To rob me of thy love, no ! both I'll kill.

*Ming.* My dear *Infanta* !

*Teref.* I'll do't ! and meet thee in the Lodge, farewell !

[*Exit Teresa.*]

*Ming.* Curses pursue thee, how she flies to Hell ?  
This one Night past, to Morrow all's my own,  
And this kind Wretch shall die for what I've done :

In Blood I'll wade ere *Phebus* leave his Bed,  
 And make my Crimes out-blush the Mornings red.  
 Great *Nemesis*! refuse me not thy Aid  
 Thy Sacrifice is lost, if I'm betray'd.

[ *Exit Mingo.*

### Scene 6.

*Enter Don Fenise alone in his own House.*

*Fen.* How sweet are all my Sorrows now ! how dear  
 My Sufferings are, now Happiness draws near !  
 Though in my Love I met with so much trouble,  
 My Pleasure will be, as my Care was, double.  
*Alonzo* may have doubts, and jealous fears,  
 My long experience all suspicion clears.  
*Rosella's* Heart, like parched Straw, took fire,  
 And did as swiftly blaze into desire :  
 Such flames are soonest quench'd, and have least heat ;  
 My Happiness as constant is as great ;  
 Like noble Metal, which doth long repel  
 Assaulting Flames, that round about it dwell,  
 But once made hot, does long retain the fire,  
 So did my dear *Alcinda* meet desire ;  
 Her Love came slowly, but will sure remain ;  
 She will be constant, though I change again.  
 Most happy *Fenise* !  
 Ha ! sure it was she ;  
 What makes she here ? Why should she fly from me ?  
 This may inform me, ( *My hearts delight*  
*The brave Alonzo* ) pray Heav'n all is right !  
 Friendship allows me liberty to see.

[ *Enter Leonella, and passing by  
 him, carelessly drops a Letter.*

He reads the Letter.

*Fail not to meet me, as we did agree ;  
 The hour precisely Twelve, the place you know,  
 Blind Fenise still, no sign of Friendship show.*

*He may observe you with a Lovers Eye,  
The time seems lazy now our joys are nigh.  
My dear Alonzo! haste, you have my heart;  
When once we meet again, we'll never part.*

*Thine ever Alcinda.*

*Alcinda! Alcinda! Alcinda!*

It cannot be, sure my distemper'd Joy  
Distracts my thoughts, and does my sense destroy:  
Or her fair shape which in my fancy lyes,  
Sends bright reflections to abuse my Eyes.

Ha! 'tis, by Heav'n 'tis so! And if it be,  
O that I wanted Faith, or could not see.

*[Leonella peeps in to  
to observe him.]*

Thine-ever-Alcinda! my Tongue speaks this,  
To cheat my Heart; or else I hear amiss.

*Alcinda false! it cannot, shall not be;*

Yet who can doubt, what they so plainly see?

O shameless Woman! to destroy so soon

A happiness I have so hardly won.

The wild *Hibernian* Waves, and Winter Air,  
Are constanter than these frail Women are:

Like thin *Cameleons* still they change their hue,

And take fresh flames from ev'ry sight that's new.

*Leon.* The Fish is caught, I must allow him line.

*Fen.* Hell upon Earth! I'll spoil their damn'd design.

*Leon.* Now I'll upon him while he looks this way——

*Fen.* What, can you run so well? I'll make you stay.

*Leon.* Mercy dear Sir! Oh Heavens! I'm undone;

I see my Sentence in your hand,——I'm gone——

Ah noble Sir! you know I must obey,

Punish not me, if they have gone astray.

Gentle Sir pity me!

*Fen.* Hear me, thou dismal Messenger of Fate!

Here, take your Charm, giv't to *Alonzo* strait:

If thou betray'st me, with one look, or word,

Thy Sex shall not protect thee from my Sword:

Wipe your dissembling eyes, and get you gone,

Look undisturb'd as if it were unknown.

Come



Come Fiend ! along, see here he comes, take heed :  
I'll watch you——

[Alonzo enters.]

Leon. Fear me not. I'll do the deed.

Fen. This may be yet a damn'd malicious plot,  
'Till he confirm it, I believe it not

[Fenise hides himself.]

Alon. Ha ! welcome Loves pretty Envoy !  
Must this Night make us happy ? Must we go ?

Leon. There's my bus'ness, if that inform you so.

[She gives him another Letter.]

Alon. I will not fail, let this engage thee mine.  
My Service to my Mistress——

[Exeunt Alonzo and Leonella severally.]

Fen. So, to thine,  
That is, Alcinda ; Ah false perjur'd Friend !  
Thy heart shall bleed for this e'r this Night end.  
I'll watch thee to thy Saint, before her Eyes,  
Thou shalt be punish'd for thy Perjuries.

[Exit Fenise.]

*The End of the Fourth Act.*

## ACT V. Scene 1.

*Don Manuel's Hall.*

*Enter Mingo and Leonella.*

Mingo. **A**bove my highest hope ! it needs must hit,  
I love thy Beauty, and adore thy Wit :  
But we must try to send their Men aside,  
They'll sooner fall, if we their force divide :  
Though both are Cowards, yet for thy Loves sake,  
Any strange Project they will undertake.  
Can't think of no Design ? no little Plot ?  
Hell take 'em Hounds ! they are not worth a Thought.  
But it must be——

Leon. O that's already done.

They

They are, by this time, in so great a fright,  
They'll have no sense to trouble us to night.

*Ming.* Thou'st Policy enough to rule a State:  
Let's to our business, for the Night grows late.  
Fail not to be i'th Summer-house, adieu!  
I must not any more be seen with you,  
For fear of old *Teresa's* jealous Head.

*Leon.* But, when my Ladies ask me how I sped,  
What shall I answer them? you know they meant  
To fly this Night, and therefore was I sent.

*Ming.* Say they'll attend them, and listen to one  
They'll put up all their Jewels to be gone.  
Where to secure them, and how, you know.

*Leon.* 'Tis done, my Dear! But whither shall we go?

*Ming.* The time's too short to tell, nor need you ask,  
Leave that to me, 't has been my chiefest Task.  
To set you on your way; your Passport's made, [Exit Leonella.  
*Charon* shall drag you to the *Stygian* Shade.

*Pluto* will get a Cooler for your Lust,  
There's roaring Company, and go you must.

I've taken care you shall not go alone —

O what a gallant plotting Rogue I'm grown!

I kill but five to night; 'tis true, my hand

Is unconcern'd, I do it by command:

Like stately Tyrants, on my pow'rful Breath

Depends the Thred of Life, the Key of Death.

Suppose I fall, if Hell payes me a Shame,

Yet shall I leave an everlasting Name.

The hour draws on apace, the Moon shines bright,

I'll stain her Horns with Blood if all hit right.

*Exit Mingo.*

## Scene 2.

### *In the Field.*

*Enter Larasco laden with ridiculous Armour.*

*Leon.* The hour is past, and yet she does not come;  
My Heart fails me — O that I were at home!

Yes,

Yes, I do love her, and this Act does show't,  
 Do I not hazard here my naked Throat?  
 For ought I know, it may be Planet strook:  
 Heav'n's! it thunders; no 'twas my Armour shook.  
 I would go home but for the noise I make:  
 What dreadful Acts we Lovers undertake?  
 Ha! what's that pursues me? a Spright! a Spright!  
 It follows me, I shall be kill'd this Night,  
 Mercy! sweet Spright, mercy! It haunts me yet——  
 Yes 'tis my Shadow: I am blind with Sweat.  
 O whorefon Love! what do I undertake  
 To suffer here, for *Leonella's* sake!  
 Din but a wandring Child now ask the way,  
 Or harmless Sheep pass by that's gone astray,  
 Were this true Cannon proof, down must it lye,  
 My Sword and all, I should the faster fly.  
 O Death! a Lyon roars, farewell my Friend!  
 Ha! 'tis a Beetle; surely she intends  
 To murder me, else why should I stay here,  
 Like stout Knight-errant, and no Creature near.  
 Now if I could but pray——  
 But how can such poor Rogues as I come to't?  
 When Gentlemen themselves now cannot do't.

*Enter Sanchez in a Skroud.*

*Sanc.* If she were come, 'twould be a pleasant Night;  
 No noise stirring! I'm in a woful fright!  
 All in a clammy sweat; did she not swear,  
 At ten precisely she would meet me here?  
 Well *Sanchez*! if some Brother Spright should come  
 To scrape Acquaintance, and conduct thee home;  
 Some Lovers meagre Ghost, some crafty Fiend,  
 Should by thy Garb mistake thee for a Friend;  
 Think thee some idle Spirit, and command  
 Thee down to darkness, how could'st thou withstand?  
 Danger from Men, I think I need not fear,  
 I fright my very self——Ha! who's this here?

In Arms from head to foot ! then I'm betray'd,  
 Drawn to my Ruine by this wicked Maid.  
 False deluding Woman ! is this thy Love ?  
 Didst thou not vow to meet me in this Grove ?  
 I may steal off, he has not seen me yet——

*Lar.* Fear won't let me pray ; Ha ! the noise of feet !  
 Oh the Devil ! the Devil !

*Sanch.* Where ! where ! where !

[*Larascornus out, and Sanchez after him.*]

### Scene 3.

*Enter Mingo alone.*

*Mingo.* 'Tis late, *Alonzo* does not yet appear ;  
 He promis'd faithfully he would be here.  
 I hear him coming——

*Enter Alonzo.*

Sir ! you are fairly met——  
 This Credit does increase your Servants Debt.  
 Pardon my boldness Sir ! before you go,  
 I will discharge part of the Debt I ow.

*Alon.* Honest *Mingo* ! although I cannot guess  
 Thy earnest business, I believe no less ;  
 I will reward thy care, now speak it out——

*Min.* The Story is so strange, that I much doubt  
 Your want of Faith ; and wish withall my heart,  
 That I had better tidings to impart.  
 Call all that's Man about you, this will make  
 The strongest of your Resolutions shake.

*Alon.* Thy strange beginning makes me fear the end.

*Min.* Y'are cheated by a Mistress, and a Friend :  
 They both are false——

*Alon.* Malicious Fool beware :  
 Think not to take me in a jealous Snare.

Thou



Thou ly'st, nor did a Mortal meet with two  
Such blessings as they are; so kind, so true:  
Repeat it not again, this I forgive;  
After a second blasphemy thou shalt not live.

*Min.* So, this is my reward. What will you do?  
Pray draw upon your Servant, kill me too.  
Yet I'll pronounce it true, and on your Sword,  
My loss of life shall justify my word.

This night he takes her with her own consent,  
Yet trust me not, swear they are innocent:  
Your Faith's at liberty — Yet go but home,  
And kill me there, if *Fenise* does not come.

*Alon.* Take heed! I take thy word; but if he do,  
I'll kill that faithless Friend, and cherish you.

*Min.* You need not kill him Sir! that's too severe,  
He may repent it when he meets you there.  
Remember Sir! his Faith ne'er knew a Crime,  
Nor wandering thought, till this unhappy time.  
Will you destroy a Friend so often prov'd,  
Because your Mistress has so falsely lov'd?  
Perhaps the Lady first began to Woo;e;  
'Tis not so strange, to find their Sex untrue.

*Alon.* No more! th'ast rais'd an Earthquake in my breast,  
But through his Blood, I know no way to rest.  
Yet I would spare him; but the Crime's too foul,  
A strange Convulsion tears my wav'ring Soul:  
'Tis but a faithless Woman at the most,  
She soon was won, and is as quickly lost.

*Min.* He cools too fast, I must renew his heat;  
This brave Resolve has made you truly great,  
Perhaps they'll glory in their base success,  
And call your Mercy stupid Easiness —  
But let them laugh; your Conscience still is clear.

*Alon.* Friendship be gone! thou hast no int'rest here.  
Yet, witness Heaven! how unwillingly  
I take his Life, for He (or I) must dye.  
'Tis Honour murders him, that gilded Air,  
No other way remains to keep it fair.

*Min.* Pray think again

*Alon.* I've thought too much, away! —

*Min.* Thou wilt repent thy rashness e'er 'tis day.

[ *Aside.*

*Exeunt Alonzo and Mingo.*

*Enter Fenise as watching them.*

*Fen.* That base contriving Eunuch leads him on ;

Well Renegado! we shall meet anon.

Ye Gods! —

But why should I invoke your partial aid ?

By whose permission 'tis that I'm betray'd ?

These little Crimes of perjur'd Love, you slight,

That you may punish them —

I know your aim, Revenge is your delight.

But since you use me thus, I'll seize your right,

I will not for your drowzy Justice wait,

Ev'n now your Vengeance I'll anticipate.

*Exit Fenise with his Sword drawn.*

#### Scene 4.

*A Summer-house in a Garden.*

*Enter Don Manuel alone.*

*Man.* In this close Summer-house, I keep my State,  
And like a Prince, dispose of others Fate.

My General stout *Mingo* takes the care

To manage my Affairs of Peace, and War:

If any danger springs, from blood that's spilt,

I shall the profit reap, and he the guilt.

*Enter Leonella with a Cabinet.*

*Leon.* What mutt'ring voice is that which strikes my Ear ?  
O my unhappy Fate! *Don Manuel* here!

*Man.*

*Man.* Is your bus'ness to me Lady? Let's see,  
What have you here? pray spare your modesty;  
This is too troublesome for you to bear,  
Deliver up your Charge, and walk in here.

*Exeunt Manuel and Leonella.*

*Enter Teresa with a Pistol in one hand, and a  
Dagger in t'other.*

*Ter.* Are you so nimble? are your Bloods so hot?  
Here's Coolers for you—These will marr your Plot.  
O my dear *Mingo*! that thou could'st but see,  
What dangers I despise to merit thee.

*Exit Teresa after Man. and Leon.*

### Scene 5.

*Enter Alonzo and Mingo.*

*Min.* This way he'll come —  
Pray Sir! think on the sacred name of Friend,  
May this sad difference have a happy end.

*Alon.* Ha! here he comes! be gone! by Heav'n 'tis he,  
My seeming Friend: Good *Mingo* pardon me;  
I'll study how to recompence thy care.

*Min.* In your success my pains rewarded are.

*Exit Mingo, but returns again, watching  
them with his drawn sword.*

*Enter Fenise.*

*Fen.* O have I found thee Traytor!

*Alon.* Sir no words —

Our difference hears no Umpire but our Swords.

*They fight.*

*Min.* peeping. Bravely fought Boyes! So, that thrust was home,  
When one is fall'n, then does bold *Mingo* come.

I'll soon dispatch the other; how, not yet?

Sure they'r immortal, that was kindly met:

Mischief! what damn'd luck have I? his Sword's lost.

[Alonzo disarms  
Fenise.

*Fen.* O my curst fortune—Truth is ever crost.

*Alon.* Now, if th'hast any thing to say make hast;  
But know this very Minute is thy last.

*Fen.* Use thy advantage, kill me, do base man!

I will have Justice when we meet again:

There thou shalt suffer for thy treachery,

And that false Woman too for whom I die.

*Alon.* What means this language Sir? did I not wooe  
Thy Mistress for thee, and obtain her too?

*Fen.* Must I hear this and live! no way to die!

Do'st thou upbraid me with thy Villany?

*Alon.* Thy Crime does in thy ill success appear;

Did'st thou not come to meet *Rosella* here?

I knew thy foul intent, I knew it well,

What Charms did'st thou imploy? what cursed Spell,

To rob me of her Heart? What canst thou say?

*Fen.* Thou kill'st me ten times o're in this delay.

Pr'ythee dispatch, lest I some blushes show,

To think those Crimes, thou canst not blush to do.

Let me not stand a Witness to my shame,

Since you, to meet the false *Alcinda* came.

*Alon.* Then we are both abus'd —

*Aling.* O hellish spight!

Yet I'll get something, if the rest hit right.

[Exit Mingo.

*Fen.* Abus'd! am I awake? did I not see,

When *Leonella* gave a note to thee?

A Letter from *Alcinda*? and when you

Vow'd not to fail, Ha! is not this true?

*Alon.* That very Letter you may here peruse.

*Fenise takes the Letter and reads it.*

To Signior Alonzo.

*My breast is loaded with unhappy News,  
Which onely in your Ears I dare relate;  
If you vouchsafe your presence when 'tis late,*

*Conceal*



*Conceal it from your Friend, and come alone;  
Else you will lose, and I shall be undone.*

*Your Slave Mingo.*

*Fen.* O subtle Villain! And thou crafty Maid!  
What have I done? That I should be betray'd?  
I fear this is not all, —sure they intend  
Some mischief to the Ladies e're it end.

*Alon.* *Mingo* just parted hence, we may with speed  
Prevent all danger, 'sdeath how fast you bleed?  
Forgive my rash belief! —

*Fen.* I must from you  
The same entreat: But let's the Rogue pursue —

*Alon.* He shall not 'scape, I'm sure he went this way:  
My fears grow stronger by the least delay. [*A Pistol fir'd within.*]

*Fen.* Ha! a Pistol! I fear we are too late.

*Alon.* We will prevent, or we'll revenge their Fate.

[*Exeunt Alonzo and Fenise.*]

## Scene 6.

*Enter Manuel wounded.*

*Man.* Oh cruel Witch! inhumane Sorcerers!  
I'm pepper'd now for all my wickedness:  
Incarnate Devil! for my Ruine sent!  
All Curses Men and Devils can invent,  
And mine besides, fall on thy bloody Heart —

*Enter Teresa with a Dagger in her hand, dragging in Leonella.*

*Ter.* Come! come along, I'll teach you a new Art  
To couple; do ye roar in comfort now?  
Dry'd Dog! I was not good enough for you:  
Would ye be yoak'd? I'll see ye yoak'd, I will,  
You shall be joyn'd; what are you roaring still?  
Silence! and hear your heavy Doom: Now Dame!  
Now bold Hussey! was there no other Game?

No

( 64 )

No Pipe but mine to make you dance? I'll try  
Who shall be Mistress now, of you or I.

*Leon.* Dear Madam! O Heav'ns! hear what I can say —

*Ter.* Noble Signior! pray bow your head this way,  
See your Ven'son quarter'd, and when that's done,  
With you I'll finish what I have begun.

*Man.* My Royal Donna! dear Teresa hold!  
I'll be thy Slave——

*Ter.* Poor Fool! thou art too old:  
In Prayers spend thy time, for 'tis but short,  
Or curse me if thou wilt, I care not fort.  
Have at thee——

*Enter Larasco running in his Armour, and Perez following him  
in his Shroud.*

*Lar.* Oh a Ghost! a Ghost away!——

*Perez.* No Ghost! I am no Ghost! good Neighbors stay——  
*All run off in a fright, Perez pursuing them.*

### Scene 7.

*Don Manuel's House.*

*Enter Mingo with Bags of Money.*

*Ming.* Now Fortune, if thou hast not sworn my fall,  
Grant me one happy hour, and have at all.  
The House is yet my own; and here's my Mint——  
If all my Plots should fail; the Devil's in't,

*Exit Mingo*

*Enter Alcinda and Rosella.*

*Ale.* Now Madam! does the tedious time draw nigh,  
When we shall have our long wish'd Liberty.

*Ros.* May this blest Night, like some auspicious Star,  
Shine bright in Fames Eternal Calendar.

May it produce no sad unhappy Birth,  
But be to all the World a Night of Mirth.

Ma

*Alc.* May after times, when they would sum their bliss,  
With happy Dayes, and all their Nights like this.

*Enter Mingo.*

*Ming.* This way, your Servants wonder at your stay——  
The watchful Cock foretells approaching day.

*Rosel.* Good *Mingo* ! lead the way ; how my heart beats ?

*Alc.* This little trouble all our joy compleats.  
What noise is that ?

[ *A noise at the dore.*

*Ming.* Hell ! they have forc'd the dore——

*Alc.* If Fate frown now, I'll never trust it more.

*Rosel.* That noise has made me fear we are undone.

*Ming.* Yet, through this other dore we may be gone.

*Mingo going out, meets Fenise and Alonzo, with  
their Swords drawn.*

*Ming.* Then to my last shift——

[ *He draws a pair of Pistols.*

*Alon.* Sir ! y' are fairly met ——

This favor does encrease your Servants debt.

*Ming.* Not so well met as you imagine yet.

*Alon.* Yes Hell-hound ! you are ;

And ere you part, I will reward your care,  
Your care to ruin us — thou canst not fly.

*Ming.* If you but stir a foot, they both shall dye. [ *He presents the*

*Fen.* Inhuman Dog !

*Pistols.*

*Ming.* Good words, stand further yet——

What I have done, I need not now repeat.

I know you'll kill me, but before I dye,

I'll make you sharers in my misery.

Your Mistresses shall lead the way : D' ye stare !

Their Destinies within my power are ;

And thus I'll ruine them——

*Fen.* Hold ! good Rogue hold !

We'll be thy Slaves, thou shalt have Mines of Gold.

*Ming.* A Kingdom shall not buy one hours delay :

Yet, to torment you more, a while I'll stay.

K

*Alon.*

*Alon.* Art thou so heartless. and so childish grown,  
To fight with Women? when this Act is known,  
Thou wilt be branded with a Cowards name,  
A fearful Rogue, Art thou so lost to shame?

*Fen.* So lost to policy?  
For if to mischief th'art so firmly bent,  
By killing us thou may'st thy death prevent.

*Ming.* That's well advis'd —

*Rosel.* I dare thy sharpest spight, and will not grieve  
To dye, so my *Alonzo* may but live.

*Alc.* See what thou doest, thou bloody Devil! do!

*Min.* Seal up your lips, or I'll begin with you.

*Alc.* Brave Villain do! I will require thy pain,  
If spight won't make thee thoot, yet do't for gain.  
Here's Gold and Jewels, if these will not do,  
I'll call thee Coward; nay I'll curse thee too.

*Min.* No more! I'll quickly end this Generous strife.  
These Ladies never injur'd me, 'tis true,  
But I'll kill them, to be reveng'd of you.

[ *He flashes in the pan; and Alonzo and Fenise disarm him.*

*Alon.* Thou cruel Rogue! now we'll command thy fate.

*Min.* I will not beg your love, nor fear your hate.  
Had not my foolish pity staid my hand,  
My Life had never been at your command.

[ *A great noise within.*

*Rosel.* Another Storm begins, ere this is gone.

*Alc.* If 'tis your Father, we are yet undone.

*Larasco within.* For pity's sake let's in, who ere you be.

*Fen.* That's my Rascal's voice.

*Lar. within.* Ay Sir! 'tis me! 'tis me! [ *Enter Larasco arm'd.*

*Fen.* What does this folly mean?

*Lar.* O Sir! as I to meet my Love did go forth,  
The very Devil follow'd me; and so forth —

*Enter Manuel, Leonella, Teresa, falling over one another for haste —  
followed by Sanchez in a shroud —*

*Alon.* What tricks are these?

Speak



Speak Devil ! or I'll kill thee if I can.

*San.* Hold ! good Sir hold ! I am your very Man. [ *Pulls off his*

*Leon.* There's the Original of all this Rout.

*Shroud.*

*Ming.* Were ever things so crossly brought about ?

Nay Sir 'tis true ; and had my Plots hit right,  
There had not one of you surviv'd this Night.

*Rosel.* O my dear Father ! —

*Ming.* Lady you mistake, nay I'll make you known :  
Since I am lost, I will not fall alone.

He's not your Father, he's a Rogue, a Cheat,  
He is in nothing, but in Mischief, great.

*Man.* Malicious Rogue ! dear Daughter hear him not :  
He's raving mad now he has mis'd his Plot.

Dear Child lead me to Bed, I'm very sick —

*Ming.* To Bed ! to th' Gallows ; this is a meer trick,  
To get off —

*Rosel.* Let him not use my Father so —

*Ming.* Madam ! he's a Villain, and your mortal Foe.

*Alon.* Mingo speak out, what is it thou canst say ?

*Teres.* Damn'd Lyes ! mischievous Lyes ! lead him away —

*Ming.* Woman hear thy Charge —

My Crime's so great, and so prodigious grown,

Though I beg pardon, I can hope for none.

But when their faults in competition come,

Mine are but Cyphers, theirs a total Sum.

Had you not Sisters once, whom you think lost ?

*Fen.* Nay, more than think, we know that they were drown'd.

*Ming.* Sir ? spare your Sighs, the Ladies soon are found.

When *Don Valasco* your brave Father dy'd,

You being too young to be your Sisters Guide,

Were left with her, to noble *Pedro's* care ;

Your honour'd Father Sir — [ *To Alonzo.*

*Fen.* Thou seek'st delays in Story fetch'd so far.

*Alon.* All this we know, and how my Father strove,  
To joyn our Families with Bonds of Love.

*Fen.* Then how our Sisters with *Don Pedro* went,

When in *Peru* he had a Government :

We know the time when they took Ship again,

But never heard when they return'd to *Spain.*

*Ming.* The rest I can relate, and mean to do,  
 More in Revenge to them, than Love to you.  
 The Sea mov'd gently, and with flatt'ring Gales,  
 The am'rous Wind did court the flying Sails.  
 But Fate, that knows a thousand paths to Death,  
 Sent a Disease to take your Father's Breath.  
 To *Sanchez* his old Servant, and a Maid,  
 He left your Sisters, and the Wealth he had;  
 With careful duty, to restore again  
 Their Charge to you, when they return'd to *Spain*.  
 But in the very Port, they met with one  
*Gorzell*, a cruel tatter'd Pickaroon;  
*Sanchez* they murther'd, made the rest their prey,  
 And took your Sisters very names away.  
 What they did since is partly known to you,  
 None but themselves know what they meant to do:  
 This is the Villain, that the curst Maid,  
 By whose infernal Plots they were betray'd:  
 This Womans names *Gattarze*, that Mans *Gorzell*,  
 By whose inhuman hands poor *Sanchez* fell.  
 And those your Sisters are, those Ladies there!  
 What Heav'n decrees, cannot be alter'd here.

*Alon.* O that we could believe thee —

*Fen.* What say you?

*Man.* and *Teref.* Mercy! mercy Gentlemen! 'tis too true.

*Alon.* Which is my Sister? which must be my Bride?

*Teref.* Y'havé fix'd those Knots your Father long since ty'd;  
 Madam *Alcinda*, Sir, your Sister is,  
 And you *Rosella* are *Don Fenis's*.

*Fen.* Excess of happiness! thy Life's thy own, [ To Mingo  
 Dangers so great, so suddenly o'reblown,  
 Make all our joyes like pleasing Dreams appear.

*Rosel.* I cannot look this way without a Tear.  
 Can I see him, I once call'd Father, kneel,  
 And weep to me? —

*Alc.* Methinks I fear him still.

*Rosel.* You shall forgive him —

*Alon.* The greatest Injuries were yours; if you  
 Can pardon them, with all my Heart I do.

*Fen.*

*Fen.* But we forget the blackest Crime they did,  
Although we pardon them, for that they'll bleed.  
Poor murder'd *Sanchez* does for Vengeance cry,  
The Law will seize them, and for that they'll dye.

*Man.* Cruel Woman! had not thy restless Will  
Urg'd on his death, he had been living still.

*Ter.* Thou foolish Man! why wouldst thou hear me then?  
Nature allows our Sex less Wit than Men,  
That you may rule us when we go aside;  
Had I been govern'd, *Sanchez* had not dy'd.

*Rosel.* No other wayes to save their lives? pray try.

*Sanch.* Madam! there is, this time they shall not dye.  
Look on me well, have you not known this Face?  
Time has not chang'd it much from what it was.

*Man.* 'Tis he! 'tis he! good *Sanchez* pardon me.

*Ter.* O *Sanchez*! we confess our cruelty:

Pray forgive us——

*Sanch.* May your forgiveness be,  
From all the World as hearty as from me.  
Since I have seen my Mistris's again,  
No more remembrance of my Wounds remain.

*Fen.* Then you are free, but ere this Sun goes down,  
We charge ye every one to leave the Town.

*Alon.* Where we reside be never seen again,  
The Law shall seize ye if we meet in Spain.

*Ming.* Pox o' thy trembling Paw! hadst thou but dy'd,  
Or done thy work, I had been satisf'd.

*Ter.* Curse on thy plotting pate, and wheedling tongue,  
Hadst thou been hang'd we yet had flourish'd long.

*Leon.* Hard-hearted *Mingo*! wouldst thou murder me?

*Ming.* No pretty Rogue! I was to marry thee.  
Save your Lordship mighty *Manuel* hight!  
And eke your fair La-dee *Teresa* bright.  
Great *Don*! pray shut your Lordly Gate, 'gainst all  
Of your own Sex; hate ev'ry thing that's Male.  
Such tempting trash would make a Saint grow vain:  
Take heed no smooth face't Eunuch come again ——  
*Bezo las mannos Signior!*

*Alon.* No more. But we forget the blackest Crime they did  
*Sanchez* I to his former place restore.  
 Let's to the Sacred Temple haste, and pay  
 Glad thanks to Heaven for this happy day.

*Fen.* Let smiling *Hymen*, with his Nuptial bands,  
 As we have joyn'd our Hearts, unite our Hands.  
 Now all our Doubts and Fears, with joyes are crown'd,  
 Our Cares are lost, and our lost Sisters found.

# FINIS.



## EPILOGUE

Spoken by Mrs. KNEPPE.

**V** Hen Wit, and Native Beauty found Success,  
 Without a daz'ling Scene, or gaudy Dress,  
 Then Playes were good, and wholesom your Amour ;  
 But when these downright Blessings pleas'd no more,  
 Poets, from France, fetch'd new Intrigue, and Plot,  
 Kind Women, new French Words, and Fashions got :  
 And finding all French Tricks so much did please,  
 'Toblige ye more, They got ——— ev'n their Disease.

That too did take ——— and as much Honour gets  
 At breaking Windows, or not paying Debts.

O 'tis so gente ! So modish ! and so fine !  
 To strut, and cry, Faith Jack ! I drink no Wine :

For I've a swinging Clap this very time ———

Poets saw this, and brought their Stages Crimes,  
 Chang'd Comedy to Farce, and Sense to Rimes.

That took your very Souls ———

But now, you are so strangely hum'rous grown,  
 That even these, your dear Regalia's will not down :

The newest Miss, with all her little Arts,  
 Sometimes can't soften your obdurate hearts :

At other times, you are so far from Pride,

A swarthy Gipsie would be deify'd.

Then, to your Friends, you tell such horrid Lyes,

You had a Pers'n of Honour in disguise !

Dam'ee the pretty'st Creature ! O such Eyes ———

No Play without a new Machine will do,

Shortly, Your Miss must act with Engine to :

For brisk, and pretty, you will cry at last,

Can she Curvet ? and is she Thorough-pac't ?

'T have Fiddle, and Motion now, and all That ———

'Zbud ! I wonder what a Devil you'd be at.

If you persist in these lewd damning wayer,

Ton'll have no more new Misses ; nor new Playes.

Per T. D.

# EPITOGUE

Spoken by Mrs. KNEPPE.

## ERRATA.

**P**Age 4. line 23. read *Fenife* for *Mingo*: p. 14. l. 24. r. and for *are*: p. 16. l. 15. r. *Her Sword*—p. 24. l. 6. r. *liv'd here*—p. 29. l. 11. r. or for *od*: p. 33. l. 11. r. *so basely*—for *so bravely*—p. 41. l. 3. r. *talk for take*: l. 33. r. *Set for Scot*: p. 43. l. 1. r. *a for her*: p. 45. l. 24. r. *thoufand*—*Chufes*: l. 31. r. *learn for brarn*: p. 48. l. 14. r. *darted for darce*: p. 57. l. 12. r. *did for dia*: p. 59. l. 1. r. *ne'r for nor*.

D  
D 2453

122893

REPRODUCED FROM THE COPY IN THE  
**HENRY E. HUNTINGTON LIBRARY**

---

FOR REFERENCE ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION